YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ SEPT. 30 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 16
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

INSPECTION

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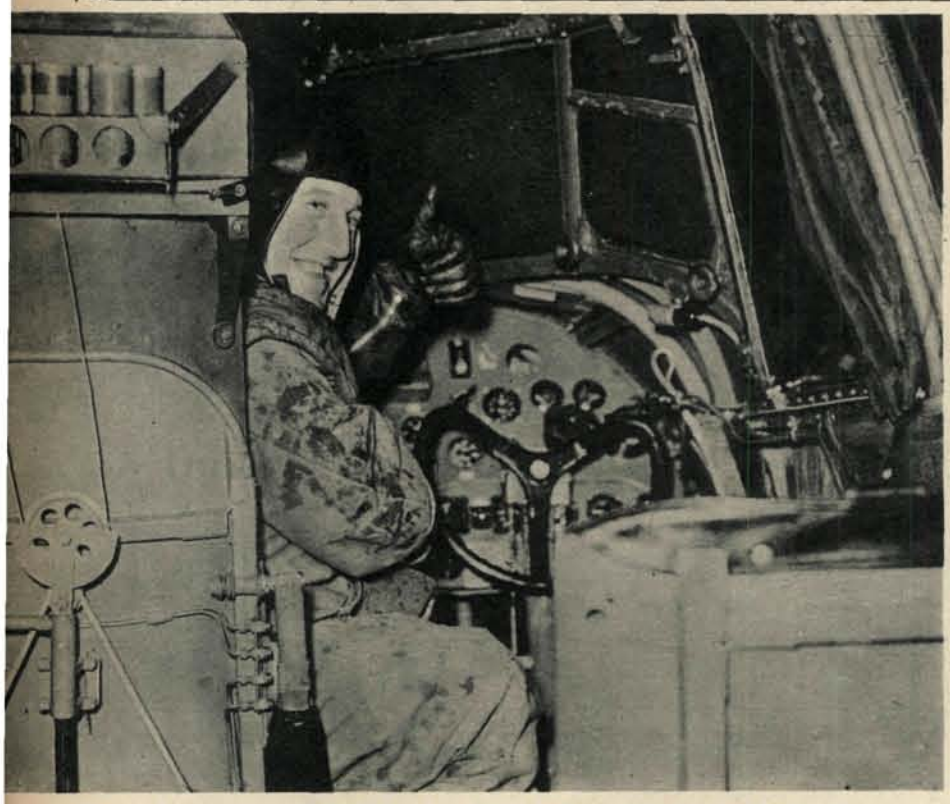
HAVE YOU A DEPENDENT? *If so, you are paying $22 of your hard-earned dough for his or her support and your dependent is expecting $50 a month in a government check. Lots of things can happen to that check if your dependent isn't careful. The U. S. Secret Service points out the dangers on Page 15 of this issue. You'll probably want to clip the whole story and send it home.*



One of the original RAF Eagles, Pilot Officer Charles Whitehead, a Dodger rooter from Brooklyn, gives the thumbs up signal from his plane before starting a sweep over Nazi-held European territory.

Here's a bunch of the Yanks in the Eagle Squadron who helped the RAF beat off the Nazis back in the dark days of the Battle of Britain in 1940. They're changing their powder-blue uniforms for the AAF's O.D.'s now.

Eagles Fly Home

These Yanks who have been fighting for the RAF ever since the Battle of Britain are following their Flying Tiger brothers into the U. S. Army, where their experience will come in plenty handy.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The Eagle Squadron, made up of Yank pilots who couldn't wait for Pearl Harbor, has gone on its last sweep.

On Oct. 1, exactly one week short of the second anniversary of the formation of the first Eagle Squadron, 50 pilots get out of their powder-blue RAF uniforms and climb into the khaki of the USAAF. Among the 50 are men who were crop dusters, stunt men, airline pilots, clerks, accountants, analytical chemists and law-school students. They got into things because they didn't like Hitler and, regardless of previous flying experience, they wrote a chapter of American aviation in this war second only to that of the Flying Tigers.

Since Oct. 8, 1940, when the first squadron was formed by Charles Sweeny, the golfer, and his uncle, Col. Charles Sweeny, who founded the Lafayette Escadrille in the last war, the Eagles have smacked down at least 73 German planes. They've escorted countless bombing raids, including the recent Flying Fortress forays. They've helped form umbrellas to protect commando raids and, particularly in the last few months, they've raised hob with Nazi troops, railroads, road traffic, and industries in occupied territory.

During September the Eagles remained with the RAF on detached service, but they were already on the U. S. payroll and pilot officers spent their time getting used to calling each other "lieutenant" and "captain," and using the other strange terminology of their own country's Air Force. When the blue togs are finally tucked away as mere badges of honorary RAF membership, the U. S. will begin repatriating American enlisted men in the RAF.

The day after the transfer was announced I sat in front of the dispersal hut of one Eagle Squadron at an airdrome somewhere in England. I talked with some of them as they waited like caddies for a call to go out on the course. Some of the men I talked with were youngsters who had signed up just before Pearl Harbor, such as Sgt. Pilot Dixie Alexander of Birmingham, Ala., who left bush league baseball to get in a bigger game. Some were veterans entitled to wear tunics unbuttoned at the top, the envied insignia of the men who saved Britain in the dark Fall of 1940. Some were aces, like Squadron Leader Carrol W. McColpin, who managed a battery and electrical equipment business in Los Angeles, Cal., until May, 1941, when he left to fly for the RAF. Red-haired and red-faced, he's bagged eight Jerries and wears the little blue-and-white striped ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

They said they were happy to be leaving the RAF and to be joining the U. S. Forces, very happy, because it meant getting into their own country's uniform. But they were quiet about it too, and as they gazed over the close-cropped grass beyond the camouflaged hangars and the gunposts on the airdrome that had been their home for so long, it was obvious they found it hard to leave the RAF.

The talk drifted to the flying they'd done in recent months—train wrecking, mostly. It wasn't an exciting conversation. To them it was routine business, and, from their matter-of-fact descriptions, flying Spitfires over occupied Europe was no more thrilling than hopping passengers for three dollars apiece back home in Cairo, Ill.

Flying in fours or pairs, they race over the channel just above the waves. They cross the coast with a roar that sends the inhabitants scampering for cover. Keeping on deck, which is almost zero altitude, they hedgehop at 400 miles per hour, twisting, turning, diving under power lines if necessary, always searching for a freight train, ammunition dump, war plant, or troop concentration to pounce upon. Almost gleefully they watch their 20 mm. guns spout destruction from their wings. But later, when they step from their planes, they're casual again.

"When we fired on the factory," said someone else, "there was a terrific explosion. So much steam in the air that we must have hit the boiler."

A pilot returning from a bomber-protection flight said, "I saw a Messerschmitt about to attack a bomber. Gave it a burst and the hood came off. The plane went straight down, crashing near a wood."

Flights before breakfast, carried out while the rest of England is rising to start the day, are old stuff to the Eagles. And they're as likely to run into fun then as at any time. There was a pilot, for instance, who met intensive ack-ack fire high above France and went into an uncontrolled spin. Coming out just above a cluster of gun emplacements, he opened fire at 200 yards range and kept his guns going until he was at point-blank range. Levelling, he poked shells into the ammunition dump, which exploded. He raked a convoy at 200 yards, and watched one truck burst into flames and three others crash off the highway. Then he went about his business—the kind of business that has equipped Eagle Squadrons to lead U. S. fighters into battle.

SGT. ROBERT MOORA
YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

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Grudge Fight COMING Up

This fighter pilot from Texas has a personal score to settle with a couple of Nazis and, when he runs up against them again, he's going to push the middle valve down and give them plenty of music to remember him by.

Lieut. Berry Chandler doesn't like being dunked in the channel

By Sgt. Burgess Scott
YANK Field Correspondent

A U. S. FIGHTER FIELD IN ENGLAND—Here is a little bit of confidential advice to a certain Nazi who pilots a certain Focke-Wulfe 109 with a round orange spot on its tail:

Put in for a furlough, a good long furlough, because a Yank fighter pilot is out gunning for you and, when he corners you, he is going to spit right in your eye.

And the same thing goes for another Nazi who operates a flak gun camouflaged in a woodsy spot near Dieppe on the French coast. This Yank knows just where you are and he's out to get you, too, the next time he comes over that way.

The fighter pilot nursing the grudge against these two Nazis is a lieutenant from Houston, Tex., named Berry Chandler. He's mad because on a recent trip to the continent the Focke-Wulfe flyer and the flak gunner started shooting at him. One of them slipped a slug into the radiator of his Spitfire and dumped him into the channel.

He doesn't know which one did it but he's out to get them both because he was particularly fond of that Spitfire. He named it "Happy," after a distant relative of his—Kentucky's Senator "Happy" Chandler.

I cornered Lieut. Chandler the other day when he stepped from his new Spit after a channel patrol and he gave me this first hand account of what caused his squadron's hottest grudge:

"It was during the Dieppe raid." Chandler said, "and the squadron had gone over to escort a dozen Bostons. They did the job with little trouble—except for a flurry of F-W's which came up for a few pot shots and then left. I noticed the one nearest me had an orange spot on his tail.

"Then, when the Bostons had finished, we headed for the coast. Jerry's parting gesture was a batch of flak slung up from a patch of woods near the coast. Then we were over the channel at 2,000 feet. We stuck our noses down on deck and gunned it for home.

"When I say 'on deck' I mean it—our planes were skimming at 250 only 10 feet over the water, and each of us left a wake like a speedboat. I flew for two minutes that way and then I noticed that my radiator was hot as hell and my motor was getting rough. I was losing rpm's too fast for comfort.

"Then I remembered the F-W with the orange spot that came so close and I also remembered the flak from the wooded spot on the coast. I knew then that one of those birds had got some of his stuff in my radiator.

"I saw that I couldn't get back, so I limped up to 800 feet and got ready to leave the ship. Best way to leave a Spit is to turn her over and drop out, but 'Happy' just wouldn't turn over. She would wobble sideways and then slough back level. By then the motor was barely ticking and she'd lost to 600 feet. I scrambled out of the cockpit and climbed onto the wing. I edged toward the tip and then slid off when it dipped.

"I was pretty scared when I clawed for the ripcord and couldn't find it. During those few seconds of free falling I remembered that I had on a British chute and that its ripcord handle is in a different place. I grabbed again and caught it. The chute opened a bare 100 feet over the water.

"As my feet hit the water I popped off the chute and let the gas into my 'Mae West.' Then I pulled my collapsible dinghy out of the chute pack and inflated it by opening its gas cylinder. I climbed aboard in time to see 'Happy' hit the water close by. She struck with a terrific impact, floated for a second or two, and then gurgled under.

"Five minutes later I was in a rescue boat, headed for home."

As he talked, Lieut. Chandler leaned against the new ship he got the day after he returned from his dunking. On one side of the cockpit he had already painted "Happy," and on the other side was "Second Verse."

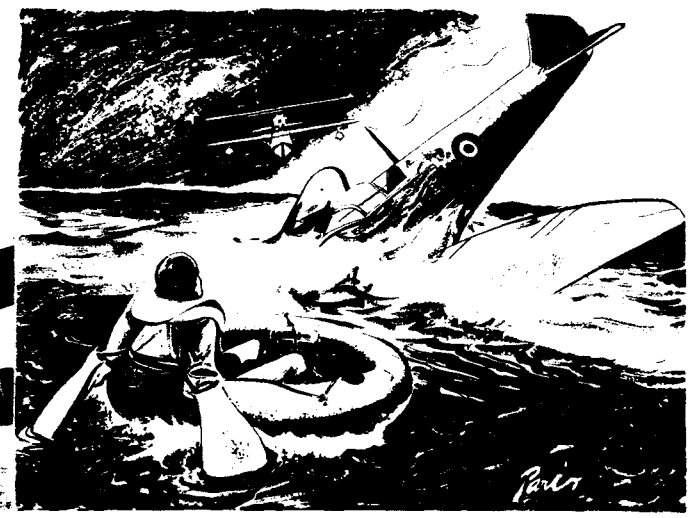
How does he plan to hand it to the man with the orange spot?

Lieut. Chandler explains it this way:

"'Happy II's' gun button has three positions. Push the top and you get machine guns only; push the bottom and you get the cannons only; but push the middle and you get machine guns and cannons. All I'm gonna do is get that orange spot square in my sights and push that middle valve down."

"The third verse," he said, "is gonna be in German."

Here's Chandler's new "Happy II" or "Second Verse," with Sgt. John H. McKay of Butler, Pa.; Lieut. Chandler himself; Cpl. Bob Christopher of St. Louis and, on the wing, Sgt. Harry French of Sidney, Mont.



"Happy" hit the water close by her pilot. Lieut. Chandler had landed feet first in the drink, disposed of his parachute and inflated his collapsible dinghy. From the bouncing emergency boat he watched his plane strike, float for a few seconds, then sink beneath the waves with a sucking gurgle.

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"It was the damned submarine. It pulled right up beside me and three men leaned over and pulled me aboard."

Sea Fighters Without Uniforms

"We don't want no medals," say the men of the U. S. Merchant Marine. "All we want is to help win the war."

WILLIAM RUBINOFF

ARCHIE GIBBS

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein
YANK Staff Correspondent

TWO wind-burned men sat in an office of the National Maritime Union. They wore no uniforms and no medals, and they wanted none in their present job. They were merchant seamen.

One had been part of the crew of an Army troop transport.

One had shipped with cargo to the Caribbean.

Both had been under fire during their trips. One had been sunk and one had been wounded. Their trips were normal for the times; these are dangerous days. It was just too bad that their job was a little more fatal than usual.

Both were waiting to ship out again.

They sat around the office with a window looking towards the sea, two capable guys, and the first one to talk was Able-Bodied Seaman William Rubinoff of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I just come back from a trip to the Pacific," he said. "We had a pleasure trip." He shifted around in his chair and looked at the other man. "We only had two sub scares," he said, apologetically.

"You're lucky," the other man said.

"None of the Army boys got excited," Rubinoff said. "They were all a very healthy-looking bunch. We got to know them pretty well before the trip was over. The crew and the soldiers used to play cards and shoot crap together, but we cut it out when the soldiers got too cute. They had us outnumbered. During the day they'd show us how to work their guns and we'd tell them how to run a ship. They were all right guys. There were a couple of stinkers, but most of them were all right. We got along fine."

The trip was long, but worth it when they came to their South Sea base. "I can't describe it with words, that's how pretty it was," Rubinoff said. "It was like one of them Dorothy Lamour pictures. You can imagine after that long trip. When the guys saw them native girls in sarongs, they went nuts."

When the men disembarked they weren't allowed to talk to the natives. "That made them even more nuts," Rubinoff said. They unloaded the ship and bivouacked under the palm trees. After a while they could talk to the natives and right away they began to swap things with them. "Half the silverware on that ship went for grass skirts," Rubinoff said.

The other man nodded. "They all do that," he said. "You can buy those skirts at the five and ten."

"Those natives drove them nuts," Rubinoff

YANK, The Army Newspaper, weekly publication issued by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York. *Copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A.* *Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.*

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said. "Once a week the natives would get together for a big feed and hula dance. All the guys were crazy to go, but they couldn't. It was what you call off limits."

The other man nodded again and said, "Tch." Rubinoff continued: "We hung around until the ship was unloaded, then we pulled out. I sure was sorry to leave." He sighed. "Those guys don't know how lucky they were."

"Did you have any trouble coming home?" the other man asked.

"Nothing to speak of," Rubinoff said, shrugging. "One or two subs. Nothing to speak of really."

"You were lucky," the other man said again.

"I told you it was a pleasure trip," Rubinoff said. He leaned forward in his chair. "A friend of mine went out on another ship the same time. I almost went with him, so what happened? He gets planes, subs—everything hits him but tanks."

"Did he get a bonus?" the other man asked.

"Bonus-shmonus," Rubinoff said. "Sure he got a bonus. He gave it all to the Navy gun crew."

"Well, sure," the other man said.

"I got a bonus, too, the trip before this one," Rubinoff said. "I also got a hole in the arm." He shoved back the sleeve of his shirt and showed a long, red gash. "A Heinie plane," he said. "We got him right after that. The chief steward got him. He come running up from below during the attack and starts yelling and grabs a gun and sure as hell he knocks the Heinie down. You couldn't talk to him the whole rest of the trip."

Rubinoff sat back and rolled down his sleeve. "It was pretty much of a trip," he said, "but it wasn't nothing on Archie's." He turned to the other man, who was rolling a cigarette. His name was Archie Gibbs and he was an ordinary seaman from Roscoe, Texas.

"Well," Gibbs said. He finished rolling the cigarette and lit it carefully. "I was out with stuff for the Caribbean," he said. "I can't tell you what the stuff was, but it don't matter anyway since it's all on the bottom of the ocean. We got a torpedo in us the fourth day out and I drifted around with 12 other guys in a lifeboat before we got picked up. We got picked up by a ship going in the same direction and the next night there is a crash and an explosion and I'm in the water again."

Gibbs shook his head at the memory. "Holy cow," he said. He shook his head again and continued. "It was night, but the ship burning lit up the whole sky. There are a lot of guys like me in the water and I am trying to make one of the boats when all of a sudden I see this thing, I thought it was a whale, rise up in front of me."

He shook his head once more as if he still didn't believe it. "It was the damned submarine," he said. He put out his cigarette. "It pulled right up beside me and three men leaned over and pulled me aboard. Then they shoved me down below and before I knew it, there I was—right inside of a Nazi submarine!

"They were all talking German and the captain came down and shoved a gun under my nose.

"'You know what this is?' he says in broken English.

"'I sure do,' I says.

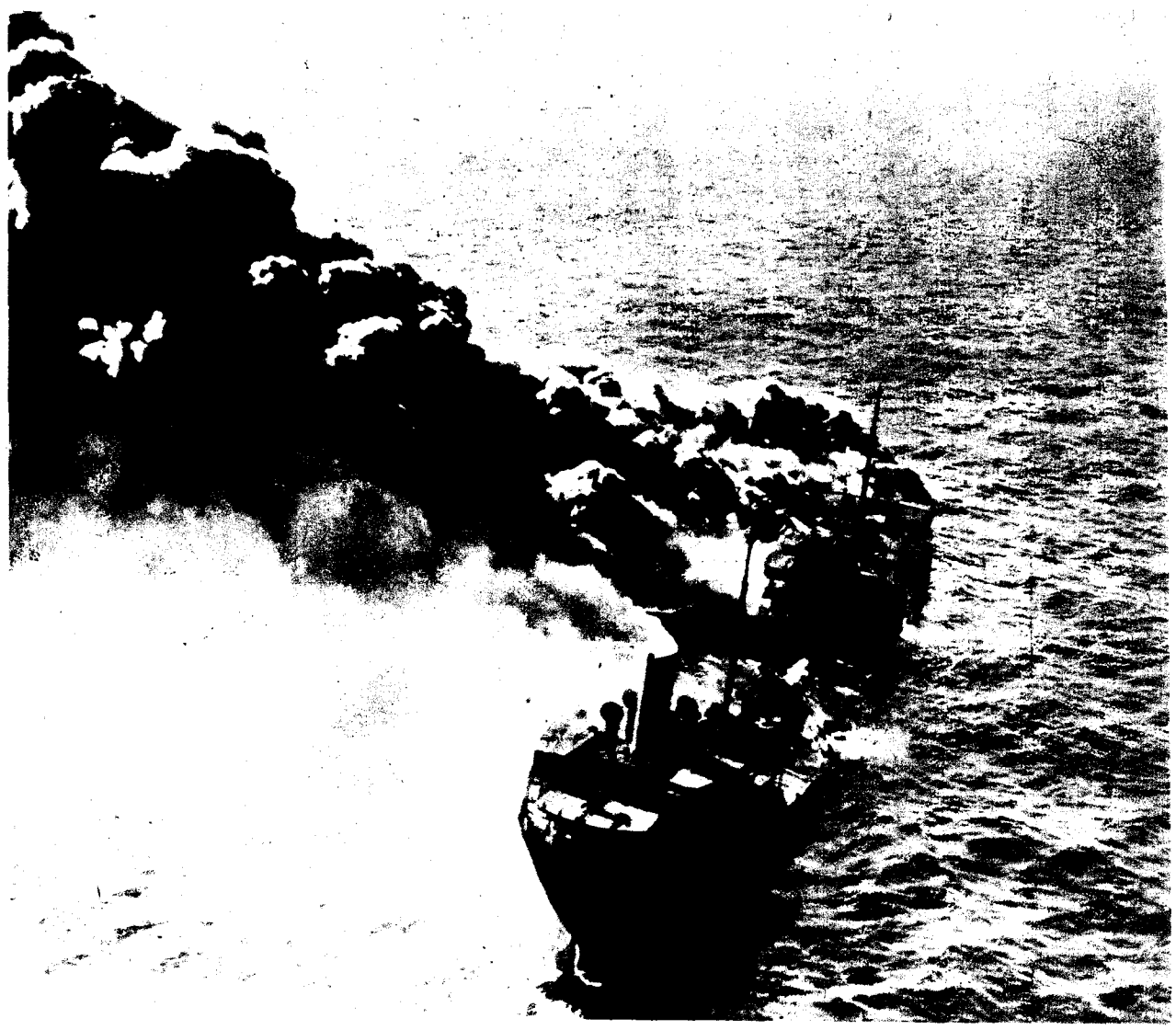
"Then he asks me what was on the ship. I told him I didn't know, it wasn't my ship. Then he asks me what was on my ship and I told him planes and tanks. There weren't planes and tanks, but he didn't know that. He thought I was scared and telling the truth. I was scared, all right.

"By this time the sub had submerged and they put me up forward with the torpedoes. They had a big load of them—even under the floorboards as well as on the racks. The crew came in and looked at me from time to time and gave me something to eat. The food was terrible, all canned stuff. Even the bread was canned.

"Once one of the crew came in and started to talk to me in English. He said he had been a merchant seaman and had come to New York a lot. He said most of the crew were merchant men, which is probably why they didn't kill me. This fellow asked me a lot of questions about New York. He wanted to know what movies were playing on Broadway. He couldn't believe people were still eating butter and meat every day. After a while an officer came and bawled him out in German and he went away and never came back.

"I was on that sub for four days. They sank another ship the second day and once they stopped to take on more torpedoes. When they stopped I could feel the ground swell, so I knew it was somewhere near land. One night when we were below I went into the toilet and tried letting out air bubbles to the surface, but they caught me and the captain came up to me again with the gun. I thought that time they were going to kill me.

"On the fifth day we came to the surface and they told me to go on deck. We were right off land and there was a fishing boat alongside, with three men in it looking scared to death. The captain told me to get in the boat. One of the men who spoke English said they were letting me go. I got into the boat and the sub pushed off and went out of sight. The boat took me back to Curacao and I got in touch with the American consul, and there I was."



This is how your ship looks if it's unlucky enough to catch a U-boat's torpedo

Gibbs stopped and looked embarrassed at having talked so much. "I mean, that's all," he said.

"Now he's waiting to ship out again," Rubinoff said. "I ask you."

Gibbs was silent and then Rubinoff stood up. "I got to get down to the dispatcher's office," he said. "You coming along?"

Gibbs rose and the two of them started to the door. When they got to the door, Rubinoff stopped and turned around.

"Put down that we don't want no uniforms," he said. "We don't want no uniforms and no medals and no handouts." He opened the door and stood in the doorway with Gibbs.

"All we want is to help win the war," he said.

The two of them went out, closing the door behind them.

This is how a man looks if he's lucky enough to be fished out of the oily sea

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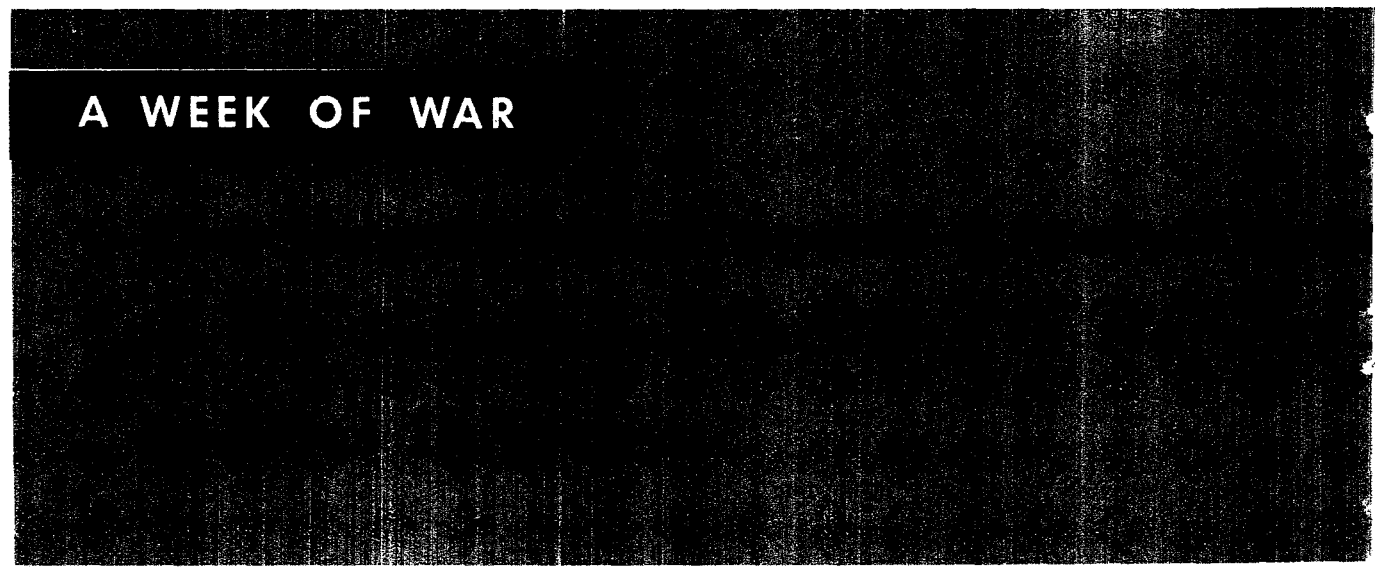
A WEEK OF WAR



STALINGRAD was about to fall. The Nazis took the strategic heights to the west and moved into the city's streets from the northwest. So confident were the Germans of victory that they notified all Europe to listen over the radio for the special flourish of trumpets which customarily announces resounding Nazi conquests.

But the trumpets did not sound. Instead of the long-delayed victory announcement, there began to creep into Berlin's battle news a number of small, tell-tale accounts. First, it rained at Stalingrad. Next, it frosted. The Nazis then said that the city was so covered by a pall of smoke that they simply could not see their way to advance.

Meanwhile Russian reserves from Siberia were thrown into the battle and new squadrons of assault bombers arrived to contest Nazi aerial superiority above Stalingrad. The tide of street fighting turned, and the Germans were thrown out of many city streets with losses. As the defense stiffened, the Wehrmacht brought its heaviest artillery to the city's outskirts and began methodically pouring shells into the metropolis. It was from an apparently inexhaustible pool of men and machines that Nazi Field Marshal von Bock launched assault after assault at the Russian lines. The Russians evacuated women and children, placed every man in the city under arms and settled down for what began to look like a siege.

Here, in brief, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of military annals. Possibly Stalingrad could yet be saved; more probably, its fall had merely been postponed. But whether it fell or held, the Battle of Stalingrad could not have been fought in vain. Russian defenders had taken an enormous toll of Nazi dead. The Nazi war machine had been forced to spend for Stalingrad much more than the city could possibly have been worth.

Bombers Over Germany

Elsewhere on world battlefronts a lull set in as the summer ended. The British interrupted patrol activity on the Western Desert in Egypt to stage a commando raid on Tobruk, far back of the lines. Allied ship sinkings dropped again, and even the Germans admitted that the Battle of the Atlantic was going better for the United Nations than it had gone in many months. The Nazis claimed a big victory at sea over a Murmansk-bound Allied convoy, and there were hints that the battleship Tirpitz had taken to sea again.

From the British Isles hundreds of Lancasters and Stirlings continued on nightly sorties over Germany. They were dropping now not only the two-ton block busters but also a brand new four-ton bomb. Some interesting figures on this summer's RAF activity over occupied Europe were released. During 1941, for instance, the British lost 266 bombers over Europe; in the summer of 1942 they lost 669. This summer the RAF conducted at least three raids of more than 1,000 planes, six of 500 planes and more than 20 of 200 or more planes. Latest city to be raided was Munich, shrine of National Socialism.

The Lively Pacific

The Pacific theatre of war was quieter than usual. Fighting in China appeared to have reached another stalemate. In the south Pacific, the Jap drive on Port Moresby was stalled some 32 air miles from the Allied base. After weeks of mopping up, it was announced that the last of Jap resistance on the Milne Bay district of New Guinea had been overcome.

In the Solomons there was never a dull moment. When the Japs weren't raiding from the air they were trying to land troops or make naval attacks. "Oscar," the Jap sub that hovered in and around the Solomons, bobbed up for several midnight shellings of Marine positions on Guadalcanal.

The Japs made a strong bid for the air field on Guadalcanal, but their landing parties were ambushed and cut to pieces. U. S. air power in the Solomons so dominated the scene that the Jap Navy at length thought it wise to get out of the immediate range of U. S. bombers. Headed for Hawaii, incidentally, were real tokens of Solomon Islands victory—450 Jap prisoners.

In the north Pacific the U. S. adopted what looked like a more aggressive policy of dealing with the Japs in the three Aleutian Islands of Kiska, Agattu and Attu. For the first time U. S. Army planes in force staged a low-level bombing attack on Kiska's installations. Two Jap minesweepers, three supply ships and three submarines were destroyed, raising the total of Jap ships sunk in the Aleutians to 30. In bombing and strafing this one attack was estimated also to have taken the lives of at least 500 Jap soldiers. U. S. casualties on this spectacular raid: None.

Naval Balance Regained

All in all, the Navy allowed itself a feeling of optimism over developments in the Pacific. Rear Admiral W. H. Blandy, the Navy's chief of ordnance, home from a 26,000-mile inspection trip in the Pacific, said that the U. S. had regained, what with its Coral Sea, Midway Island and Solomon victories, the balance of naval striking power in the Pacific. "We have opened a real second front down in the Pacific," Admiral Blandy said.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander of the Pacific Fleet, seconded the Blandy statement, adding that the U. S. planned to drive on from the newly acquired Solomons to other conquests. He also said that the damage done last Dec. 7 at Pearl Harbor had by now been repaired "far beyond expectations."

In line with the new policy of offense in the Pacific, the Navy also announced the appointment of Rear Admiral John H. Towers to a newly created post of commander of Air Force, Pacific Fleet, a post officially described as the country's "most important air command." Rear Admiral Towers, now raised to Vice-Admiral, was chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. He will now be Admiral Nimitz's chief air adviser.

Politics in Europe

Leaving Stalingrad aside, Europe's most important news last week was not of fighting but of politics. Neutral Sweden held municipal elections, for example, in which all the five Nazis who had previously held office were ousted. Not content with that, the Swedish electorate proceeded to vote 17 more Communists into the municipal councils than before. The Communists still held only a tiny fraction of the total number of council seats (only 39 of a total of more than 900), but even this small indication of how the wind was blowing in Sweden was enough to make the Nazis fume. The German Foreign Office bluntly branded Sweden the "Communist center of Europe" and hinted at dark developments.

What was happening in Vichy France was an object lesson of what happens in any country which surrenders to Adolf Hitler. A wave of sabotage swept over occupied France as the Germans continued to carry out their hostage-killing policy. Two German soldiers were killed in a Paris theatre bomb explosion. In reprisal the Nazis shot 116 hostages, declared a daylight curfew and

Nazis fight through a burning Russian railway station

Laval swaps workers for war prisoners on this platform

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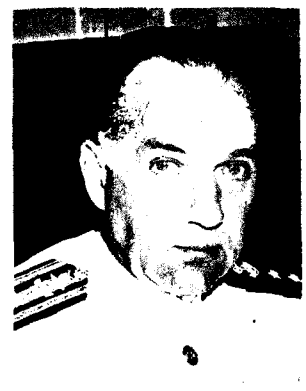
TOP NAVAL MEN OF THE PACIFIC

Rear Admiral Blandy

Admiral Nimitz



Vice Admiral Towers

closed all places of entertainment for an entire week-end. In answer to this the French then burned two military garages in which armored cars and trucks were stored, disrupted three railway lines leading into Paris and killed two Nazi Elite Guards who were on police duty.

Laval's Hope

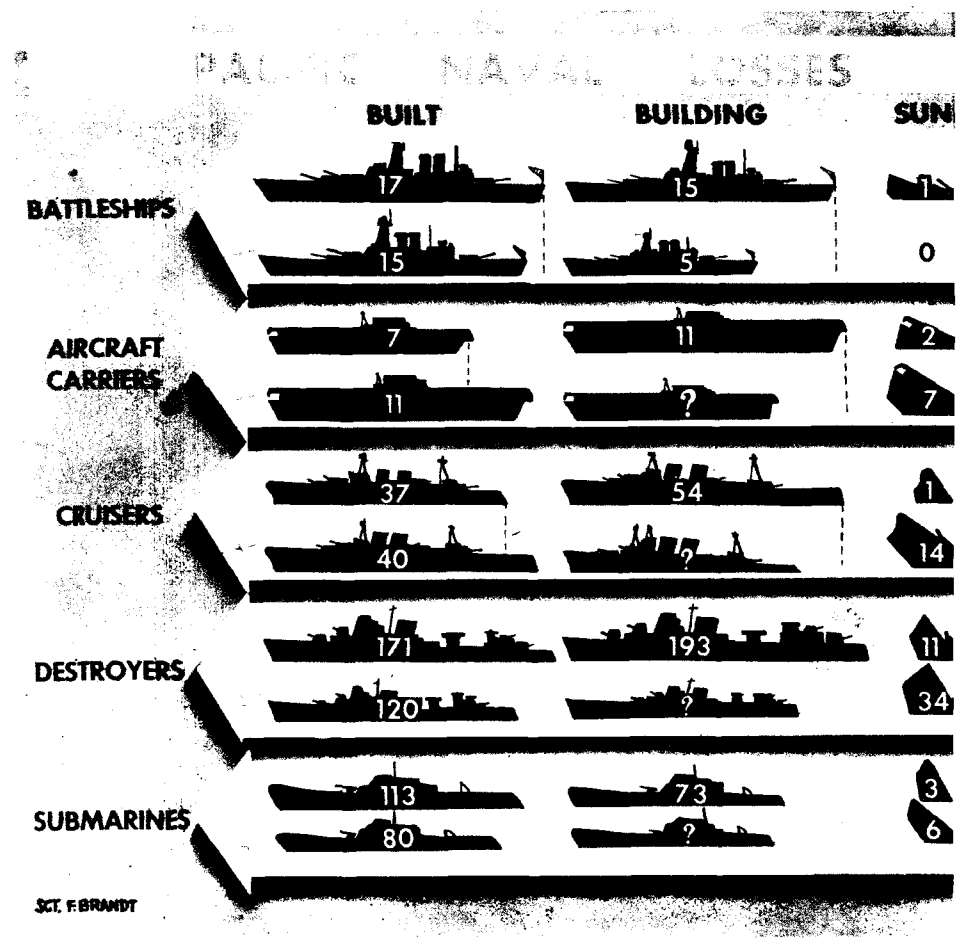
There were signs that the Nazis were almost as tired of Pierre Laval, the "collaborationist" premier at Vichy, as were Laval's own people. "I hope for a German victory," said Laval last Spring in a speech which endeared him to the Nazis and which got him his present job. To keep the job Laval naturally had to keep on pleasing the Nazis and to do that he had to deliver.

What the Germans wanted most from France was skilled manpower to work in the Reich's war factories. Laval agreed to send the Germans 350,000 skilled French workers, the majority of them to be in metal trades. The recruiting was to be done on a voluntary basis, and Laval started out by appealing to his countrymen to produce for Germany so that Hitler could then be persuaded to release large groups of French war prisoners. Some workers did go to Germany, but this recruiting was cut short when it was discovered that the Fuehrer would release only one war prisoner for every three war workers sent him. Despite all inducements, no more than 50,000 Frenchmen could be found willing to lend a hand to Hitler in this one-sided bargain.

Labor Draft

Last week Laval committed the act of a desperate man. He decided to conscript French labor and enforce his bargain. In a special decree he assumed the right to draft men between the ages of 18 and 50 and women between 21 and 35 to whatever labor "may be judged useful in the higher interests of the nation." And he let it be known that he would judge labor in German factories "useful in the higher interests of the nation."

This, as well as other recent Laval schemes, threatened to alienate Vichy France's last friends and to throw this one-time U. S. and British ally completely into the hands of Germany. Cordell Hull, the U. S. secretary of state, bluntly declared that the idea of conscripting French workers for German factories was "wholly inconsistent with France's obligations under international law." The Vatican protested loudly against Vichy's recent and violent anti-Semitic measures. Two of France's oldest statesmen — Edouard Herriot and Jules Jeanneney—warned Petain not to draw France into war against its old allies. Laval's star was certainly setting. The Germans have even picked a successor to him—one Jacques Doriot, one-time capitalist-baiting, anti-democratic Communist, now turned just as rabidly a Fascist.



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BOMB EUROPE?

Read an exciting first-hand account of a Flying Fortress raid by Sgt. Robert Moora, our London correspondent, in next week's YANK.

A G.I. Pleasure Cruise Across the Pacific (Slightly Censored)

By Cpl. Claude Ramsey
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—We sailed from an unmentionable port on an unmentionable ship, took an unmentionable course, and arrived at an unmentionable destination on an unmentionable date.

One night we are told to stand by with full field pack and rifle. It's here. Overseas duty! At midnight—roused, packed on Army trucks and hauled to the docks. Once on the ship it's "down the hatch" into a labyrinth of beds, our new home.

Comes the next day and we bid goodbye to a notable U.S. landmark. (Guess which one?) By late afternoon we landlubbers are trying to keep the vessel level by running to the rail and hanging our heads over. Others go below with the same idea.

The next day it's: "You! Keep three feet from the rail."

At night our cots are hot and the adventuresome go on deck to sleep. A potato pile over a hatch provides beds for many.

Lifeboat drill at 10 a.m. We learn a 4x6-foot raft can keep 20 men afloat—if they can hang on. "Hey, keep your lifebelt tied during drill." No chow if you don't have your life preserver.

But where's lifeboat 14-A? Thirty-eight men and they can't find it.

A lieutenant takes us below and reads: "No soldier will jump overboard. If any person goes overboard a lifebelt will be thrown out, and the next ship of the convoy will pick him up." Yeah, but *we're* on the last ship.

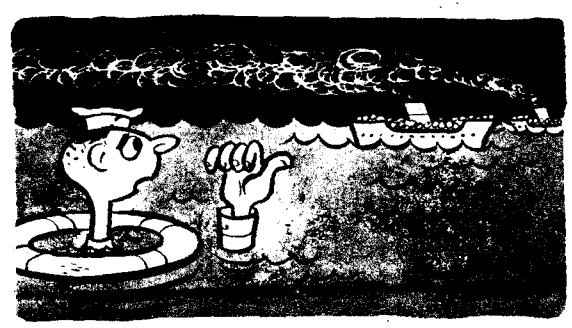
Getting hotter. Take off our shirts and get sunburned. The water line is longer. "Howinhell can you keep clean and live on two canteens of water a day?"

Meet a fellow from my home town. We graduated from school together. Went with the same girl but never saw each other till I met him on guard duty.

Sandwiches and apples at noon. Hardboiled eggs for breakfast. "If ya don't like 'em, just put them in a bowl and we'll make potato salad."

Receive a letter: "You are a soldier of the U.S. Army. You have embarked for distant places where the war is being . . . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Rumors plentiful. Ship's paper says we're looking for a fresh water pool. Hear we're three hours



from Panama. Looking for a spot on the international dateline where we won't lose a day.

Everyone sleeping on deck now. Rain. Crawl under the canvas on the potatoes. But the water seeps up underneath me in little puddles. Too hot below, though.

Finally cross the equator. Too hot for calisthenics. " 'Tenshun everyone! Shirts will be worn on deck by military personnel!"

Get a G.I. haircut. Peels of dirt on my neck. "What's the use of washing? Ya can't get that salt water to lather."

Get $5 pay today. Also typhus shots.

Hit the international dateline. Two sergeants lose their birthdays. "Sure glad we didn't lose pay day." Crossed the line on Sunday but the chaplain didn't want to lose that day so we lost Monday instead.

We are told to write and maybe the letters will be mailed at a port soon. Can't mention the number of troops, where we're going (as if we knew) or what we'll be doing. "Dear Folks: I'm getting alone fine. . . . Nothing much happening. That's about all. Love. . . ."

See a lighthouse at dawn. Then, land. Later we put in at the dock. The fellows line along the rail. "Who said three feet?" They throw pennies, and the men below toss coins back.

Put out on the high seas again. "Guess we're in dangerous water now." "Bud, where do you think we've been?"

Close to Port X, our destination. PX closes for inventory.

Land again. Anchor miles out. Amuse ourselves by dropping buckets over the rail and catching jellyfish.

For the last time we hear: " 'Tenshun everybody! Lights out! Blackout! Close all ports and do not smoke above the open deck!"

Next day we steam into the harbor. Australia —the land of the kangaroo, aborigine and WAAF —awaits us.

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IN CHINA, pilots of a United States Air Force unit race to their P40's after hearing the word that Jap planes are within shootin' distance.

IN EGYPT, a Yank tank crew begins another day on the desert. The 75 mm. gun, the tank's tracks and the enemy (if any's in view) are getting attention.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM AUSTRALIAN ANTS TO ICELAND JEEPS

AUSTRALIA

G. I.'s Gravitate Toward Food As Yank Ingenuity Shines in Jungle

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Not all the Americans in Australia have yet seen action, but those of us still waiting to pump lead into Japs have been undergoing some of the toughest training Yanks have ever experienced.

It is no secret that in the jungles from which the Japs will have to be driven the only dependable transportation is by foot, and accordingly many of the outfits in this area have been making cross-country marches through the most jungle-like sectors to be found.

By companies and by platoons, they've been hacking their way through thick underbrush, incidentally learning how to wield a machete, scaling forbidding peaks by the time-honored rope method, and raising as fine a crop of ant bites as an anteater's keeper.

On most of the overland jaunts, the troops have spent three days on their own, removed from all supply and communication lines. They started off with a canteen full of water apiece, 12 cans of rations per man, individual rice bags, 80 feet of rope to a platoon, some chlorine and iodine for purifying the additional water they hoped to find, a couple of machetes and other knives, the usual entrenching tools, and, in their packs, their shelter halves and one blanket.

They weren't all riflemen. Truck drivers, without warning, were hauled down from their cushioned seats, told to roll their packs, and marched off on a 35-mile hike before they even reached starting point. One medical officer, who had arrived as a replacement from the U. S. only two days before his new unit was scheduled to move, was startled to find himself dangling from a rope over the side of a cliff, with thorns emplaced where he had hoped to find a chair in a dispensary.

Traveling through woods so dense it frequently took more than an hour to cover a few hundred yards, the Americans proved themselves almost as resourceful as natives. Our men made for fresh water springs unerringly, and were drawn almost magnetically to isolated farmhouses, from which they were allowed to purchase any foodstuffs they could persuade the occupants to yield.

Some platoons lived off the land with conspicuous comfort. One dairy farmer, who evidently knew all about Yanks despite his remoteness from our normal haunts, was waiting at his doorstep when a thirsty platoon straggled up, with the news that he had seen them coming over a ridge and had five gallons of fresh milk ready.

Even when there weren't any farmhouses within miles, the boys had little trouble keeping themselves provided with food and drink. Some of them fashioned an admirable rice boiler out of a leaky tea kettle they stumbled across, patching the holes with chewing gum. When another group came upon an abandoned windmill, two G.I.'s clambered up on its blades and rode them around to start the water flowing. Perhaps the most ingenious soldiers were those who, one chilly night, ripped the sides off an ancient tin shed, set up the metal slabs next to their campfire, and warmed themselves by the reflected heat.

There won't be any fires burning in the jungle when we go for record, of course, but we probably won't need them, what with all the inner warmth we'll generate when we see our first little brown faces squinting out of man-made snake holes.

E. J. KAHN, JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

CARIBBEAN

Bushmasters Master Everything From Jui-Jitsu to Camouflage

CARIBBEAN DEFENSE COMMAND — The hottest things in the jungle these days are the Bushmasters, the Army's new jungle troops. Their namesake, in case you've forgotten your zoology, is the most-feared snake in the world—one bite and you're a dead duck.

The Bushmasters' function is to defend the Panama Canal from land attack, and with this end in view, they've been coached in machete fighting, jui-jitsu and marksmanship in the underbrush. They've learned Spanish to get along with the natives, and they know all there is to know about the jungle and its ways. All this has been learned so quickly and so well that there's been talk of teaching them to swim with torpedoes in their mouths to repel any sea attack.

Most of the Bushmasters are ordinary guys, taken from city and farm, and possessing no special qualifications for the job. Some, however, are American Indians and Mexicans who know the complete score when it comes to forest and mountain warfare. These lads can melt through the jungle like water and use a machete like a tomahawk.

When the Bushmasters travel, they go with bodies and helmets camouflaged by tropical vegetation. They have a special sign language which enables them to keep contact and yet proceed noiselessly through the jungle. The machete men go first, hacking a path through the underbrush, and then the rest of the patrol follows, armed with tommy guns and automatic rifles.

When they come to a stream, they float their special waterproof packs across and swim with one hand, holding arms and ammunition overhead with the other and paying no heed to lurking alligators. At night they sleep in specially designed bed rolls which protect them from the treacherous swamp ground.

Necessarily, rations are limited on these patrols and the men travel light. Chow usually consists of dried fruits and vegetables, rice, milk powder, peanuts and chocolate. This does not make for garrison rations and many a Bushmaster has had to devise wily schemes to get an extra snack while on patrol.

Sgt. Harry Steele of Louisville, Ky., had to belt out a jaguar once to satisfy his appetite. Sgt. Steele was on patrol with a squad and they were being followed by a jaguar which was apparently hungry. The jaguar, however, had nothing on Sgt. Steele, a trencherman of the first water.

One night the patrol set a trap for the jaguar

G.I. Joe

"Planes approaching, sir."

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IRELAND, it looks as though the Army's been big-hearted and left a bit something for the Navy. What do these colleens see in a sailor, anyway?

IN NEW GUINEA, these Yanks, who are new arrivals at Port Moresby, shoulder barracks bags as they leave dock. Aussies greeted them.

and baited it with corned willie, but when they inspected the trap next day, it contained no jaguar and no corned willie.

Sgt. Steele contained the corned willie. He had decided during the night that there was no reason why a jaguar should have perfectly good vittles, but while detaching the food from the trap he met up with the cat. Sgt. Steele got the willie and several deep scratches on his face and hands. The jaguar got the bum's rush.

These are determined men guarding the canal.

SGT. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

ICELAND

AEF Jeeps Conquer Boulders, Bogs And Brooks of Icelandic Wastes

ICELAND—Nine AEF members recently crossed central Iceland. That bare statement does not seem like much, but it is. For one thing, their trip was the first ever made by motor through the uncharted wastes of the interior. The party, all infantrymen, consisted of a captain, two lieutenants, a radio operator, a photographer, three drivers, and a civilian interpreter. The journey, over terrain better suited to hardy Icelandic ponies, took four days. Three jeeps were used.

The first day was easy, as the convoy was able to follow a main highway, but shortly before nightfall the jeeps turned off the road and started their overland trip. The first night was spent at the base of a giant glacial snowbank.

When the party broke camp on the second morning it was confronted with a rocky desolation. There were no landmarks, no paths; maps and compasses were the only guides. Progress was difficult. The jeeps chugged grimly along, while some members of the expedition walked ahead, dislodging boulders that blocked the advance. The captain reconnoitered for likely passages through the hazardous rock formations and determined the logical route when there was a choice, which was seldom. When the party halted for the night the speedometers registered 30 miles of travel, but they had moved forward less than 20 miles because of detours.

The third day brought them to an area of quagmires and swift streams, which again retarded them. The men put on hip boots and life jackets to test the depth of each stream. Boots and jackets did no good, however, when the land was boggy; the jeeps stalled with clock-like regularity.

At one stage of the game the leading jeep sank so deeply in mud that its dashboard was buried; it took an hour of lifting and pushing to get it free. The captain said later that it was fortunate that not more than one jeep got stuck at one time. Otherwise the expedition might have been abandoned.

The weary men entered a sharply banked canyon and passed along the crest of a 5,000-foot gorge without mishap. They almost threw in the towel, however, when they approached a wide river that couldn't be circled before their food supply would be exhausted.

They made a careful study of the current, then moved into the river, the lieutenants walking in front and leading the drivers away from deep water. When they were less than 10 yards from the far bank shallow water ended. They were forced to attempt a crossing ~~at~~ another point, and this time, although the jeeps were practically submerged most of the way, they got across.

The river was the last severe obstacle, as they reached a highway that led to their objective. After a short rest they returned to their base on well-traveled roads, completing the whole trip in less than a week.

The captain was surprised they'd made it.

YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

By Sgt. Dave Breger

"I want no yes-men here! Don't be afraid to criticize even if it means court-martial!"

LONDON

How Can Even The Army Deliver Letters When They Have No Names?

LONDON—After all this time, believe it or not, the folks back home are still sending mail with faulty addresses. For Pete's sake, fellows, set them straight on it once and for all.

That is the appeal of APO officers all over Britain.

"What can you do," moans Lieut. Ervin Boettcher at the London APO, "when an envelope arrives bearing not even a name but just an APO number? We've had at least 15 of them in the last couple of months. By reading the letter with a detective's eye, plus a little luck, we've managed to get most of them to their proper owners, but a whale of a lot of time is wasted that we can't afford."

Most frequent error—imagine this! . . . is omission of the addressee's name. Some parents seem to think their son's identity is a deep military secret; all they put on the envelope is his serial number and APO address. That means a lengthy search through files to straighten matters out.

For the last time, tell the people at home to address you thusly: NAME, SERIAL NUMBER, UNIT DESIGNATION and APO NUMBER. Pvt. Jones, stationed somewhere in Britain, should be addressed: Pvt. John Q. Jones, 1234567, Co. K, 999th Infantry, APO—, New York City."

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

WASHINGTON

Unqualified for Field Activity, They Also Serve Who Do Desk Duty

WASHINGTON — If you see a guy in uniform walking down the company street with ASC in black letters on one side of his collar and anything from a gold bar to a star or two on the other, he's a member of the Army Specialist Corps.

Later you may see sergeants and corporals with the same markings, but for the time being the ASC is all officer. How many there are in this service remains a secret.

A specialist is a fellow who isn't quite fit for regular field duty but has the ability to hold down a desk job and thus release a regular field officer for more active service.

Once accepted, the applicant is strictly G.I. and takes his orders from his C.O. But, say officials, he won't get into the ASC if there is the remotest possibility that he will be called in the draft.

Dwight F. Davis, the tennis fan who donated the famous Davis Cup and a former secretary of war, is head man of ASC with the title of director general and rank of major general.

Gen. Davis says he's had applications from 200,000 men. The Army has asked for at least 13,000 by the end of this year and may hike the quota to 20,000. They are being assigned to quartermaster duties, engineering projects, signal work, technical work in metallurgy and explosives, utilities operations, and a lot of other fields. Some of them have become instructors, replacing regular Army men.

Among the first requisitions Gen. Davis received were for a technical adviser in the Ordnance Department, an engineering consultant in Chemical Warfare, and a fellow to head a district mapping section for the Engineers. There have been other calls for warehouse officers, executive officers, administrative assistants and research statisticians.

YANK'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

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NEWS FROM HOME

AMERICA FACES WINTER AT WAR

Nation-Wide Gas Rationing Looms And Rubber Czar Takes Over as Summer Ends

It was getting cold at home this week. The Summer was over; folks brought in wood for the fireplace and the wind whistled tentatively. No more swimming. No more picnics. No more lying in the sun during the half hour for lunch.

The country put away vacations and faced its first full Winter of war. Big city dwellers looked for places to move before Oct. 1. Places were hard to get; the OPA had to order rents lowered in 54 more defense areas.

The Government prepared a nation-wide system of gas rationing in order to conserve rubber. Several states set a speed limit of 35 miles an hour for the same reason. It seemed only a matter of time before the limit would be extended to the whole country, and traffic cops had visions of an idyllic existence, untroubled by speeders.

The nation also got a rubber czar—William M. Jeffers, former head of the Union Pacific Railroad. President Roosevelt vested in Mr. Jeffers and Donald Nelson, WPB chairman, full authority to direct the operations of all agencies concerned in carrying out the Government's rubber production and conservation program.

At the same time the country acted toward mobilization of its manpower. The Civil Service Commission assumed the authority to place Government workers in jobs where they will be most useful to the war effort, and War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt said the system may serve as a pattern for federal control over the nation's entire labor force.

It looked bad for the boys in the zoot suits. The proper dress these days was either a uniform or a pair of overalls. Draft director Brig. Gen. Hershey said that single men with no occupational deferment will be exhausted this Fall, and it will be necessary to call up men with secondary dependents such as fathers and mothers. He figured that men with children could probably stay out of the G.I. fold for about one more year.

Night clubs all over the country reported the biggest business in years. Customers knocked themselves out dancing, after pushing a typewriter or a riveting machine or a gun all day. People had a little fun in their spare time but didn't forget the war. The campaign for scrap continued. President Roosevelt canvassed his own home and unearthed five tons of metal scrap from the White House. He advised the people to search their homes, so the Government wouldn't have to do it for them.

A recapitulation of the recent primaries disclosed that four Democratic senators, 13 Democratic representatives and six Republican representatives would not return to their seats this time.

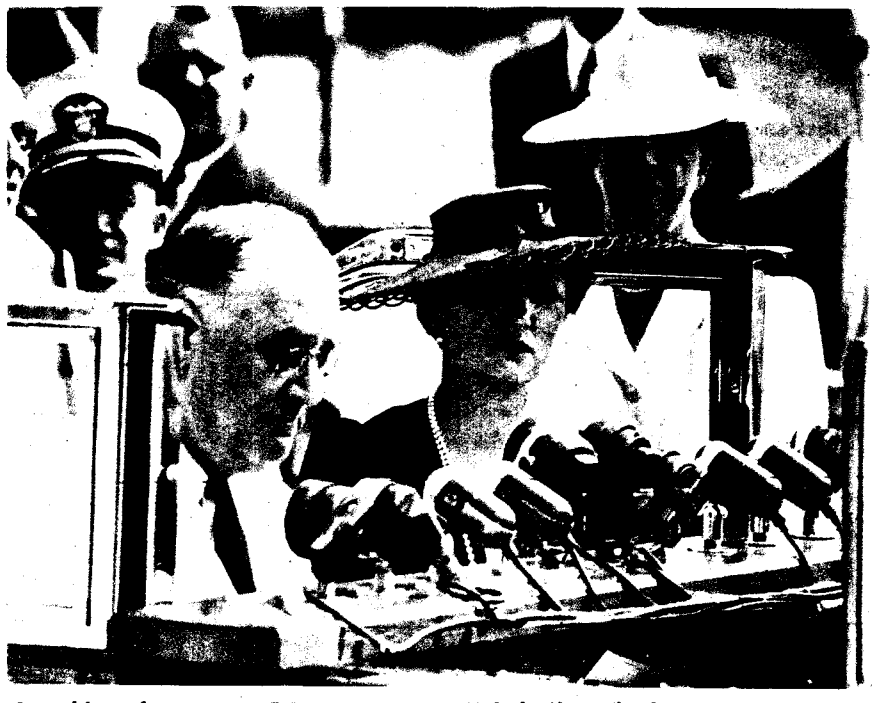
The departing senators are Bulow of South Dakota, Hughes of Delaware, Bunker of Nevada and Doxey of Mississippi.

The House Democrats leaving Congress are Kocalkowski of Illinois, Patrick of Alabama, Schulte of Indiana, Faddis and Moser of Pennsylvania, Cartwright of Oklahoma, Sweeney of Ohio, South of Texas, Ford of Mississippi, Boggs of Louisiana, Meyer of Maryland, Eliot of Massachusetts and Tenerowicz of Michigan.

And the losing Republican representatives are Paddock of Illinois, Jarrett of Pennsylvania, Oliver of Maine, Robertson of North Dakota, Youngdahl of Minnesota and Jenks of New Hampshire.

These were important things, the practice of democracy. Around them this week swept a mixture of oddities and horror. In Bedford Hills, N. Y., a 17-year-old boy kidnapped, raped, and murdered two little sisters aged 7 and 8, and then boasted to the police about it. The case horrified the nation and the local prosecutor promised a speedy trial and electrocution.

Pvt. Robert T. Bailey, a reform school grad and deserter from Fort Bragg, bummed a hitch from two female social service workers in Wisconsin and killed them both. Police finally nabbed him in California, where he was en route to knock off



Speaking from car, F.D.R. presents U.S.-built sub-chaser to Norway. Crown Princess Martha sits with him. Mrs. Roosevelt is in the rear.

Pvt. T. E. Borst, Camp Rucker, Ala. was paid $350,000 for chemical patent.

People Back Home—

Grand Rapids, Mich.—A woman reported the theft of $20. She said the money was concealed in her stocking, and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum-cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line.

Media, Pa.—Preston Lowe, fish merchant, sought release from a 10-to-60 year jail term on the grounds that his lawyer was insane.

Kansas City, Kans.—The International Brotherhood of Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders rejected proposals to admit women to membership.

Seattle, Wash.—Heaving a piano up the stairs of an apartment house, Tom Fleming got it stuck between the second and third floors. Three moving companies refused to touch it. The piano's still stuck there; Fleming joined the Army.

Jamestown, N. Y.—A young woman wrote to ask a bus company to return her wrap-around skirt which had come off without her noticing it while she was riding home.

Hollywood, Cal.—S/Sgt. Jackie Coogan of the Army Glider Forces added to the salvage scrap pile the three-ton Rolls Royce he bought in 1923 for $28,000.

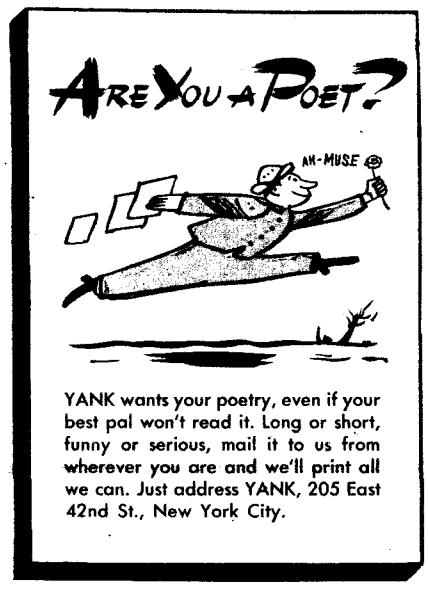
Los Angeles, Cal.—Darning her husband's socks, Mrs. Frank Hauser noticed that one sock was one color and the other a different color, got a clew which led to the arrest of her husband on a charge of bigamy.

Atlantic City, N. J.—City officials petitioned the Atlantic County tax board to raise the valuation of the Hotel Brigantine, bought by followers of Father Divine for $75,000 last March, from $23,650 to $500,000 on the ground that this was the selling price Divine asked when neighbors sought to have "Heaven" located a little further from their doorsteps.

Lincoln, Neb.—Gov. Dwight Griswold got a letter from a man who 44 years ago had sent in an offer to enlist in the Nebraska Regiment during the Spanish-American War. He wanted to know why his offer had never been acknowledged.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Seaman John J. Broderick obtained a court order for one Lucille Vicar to show cause why she shouldn't leave him alone. "Ever since I met her in San Jose four years ago she's been hounding me with letters, telegrams and phone calls," he complained.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—With his production of cutting tools up 10,000 per cent since 1938, the president of Firth-Sterling Steel Company reported that the United States is now independent of foreign countries for materials in that important field.



YANK wants your poetry, even if your best pal won't read it. Long or short, funny or serious, mail it to us from wherever you are and we'll print all we can. Just address YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

Birmingham, Ala.—Someone advertised in the News-Age Herald for "a medium-sized hand-operated wench."

A Mining Town, N. Y.—A $5,000,000 mining town in the Adirondack Mountains sprang up so fast it doesn't have a name yet.

New Orleans, La.—Two schoolboys arrived here after a 1,548-mile trip down the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers in a rowboat, averaging more than 50 miles a day.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Henry L. Olson, who as a Flying Tiger with the American Volunteer Group in China and Burma was shot down twice and wounded once, won a Democratic nomination to Congress on a pledge to "redeem Minnesota of its reputation for isolationism."

Chicopee, Mass.—Gen. Douglas MacArthur, wiring regrets at his inability to attend the dedication of a monument to his father, Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, said, "Of all men I have known, my father was the one I most admired and respected."

Glenview, Ill.—A plane lost altitude after leaving Northwest Airport and plummeted through the roof of an empty house, bruising only slightly three passengers and the pilot.

Chicago, Ill.—From their son, Brian, a Marine at a Pacific base, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Quirk received a Japanese flag, along with a note, "I hope you appreciate this, because I went through a lot of trouble to get it."

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his brother for squealing on him five years ago for another crime.

Another soldier was also in the news this week, but for a happier reason. Pvt. Theodore E. Borst of Clinton, N. Y., now of the 54th Chemistry Company, Camp Rucker, Ala., collected a cool $350,000 from a large chemical company for inventing a new chemical process. He was immediately promoted to corporal.

In Washington, the WPB authorized Henry J. Kaiser to build three giant experimental cargo planes. President Roosevelt presented a subchaser to Norway, making the gift to Crown Princess Martha. In Portland, Ore., the Maritime Commission announced that the city's record-breaking Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation has launched approximately one-fourth of the nation's fleet of 261 Liberty ships reported in service this month.

Beautiful Rita Hayworth, touring Army camps, suffered a nervous breakdown.

In New York City, the judge trying the case of 25 German-American Bund leaders charged with conspiracy to induce violations of the Selective Service Act heard the Nazi's defense counsel object to Jewish jurymen on the ground that they were prejudiced against the defendants.

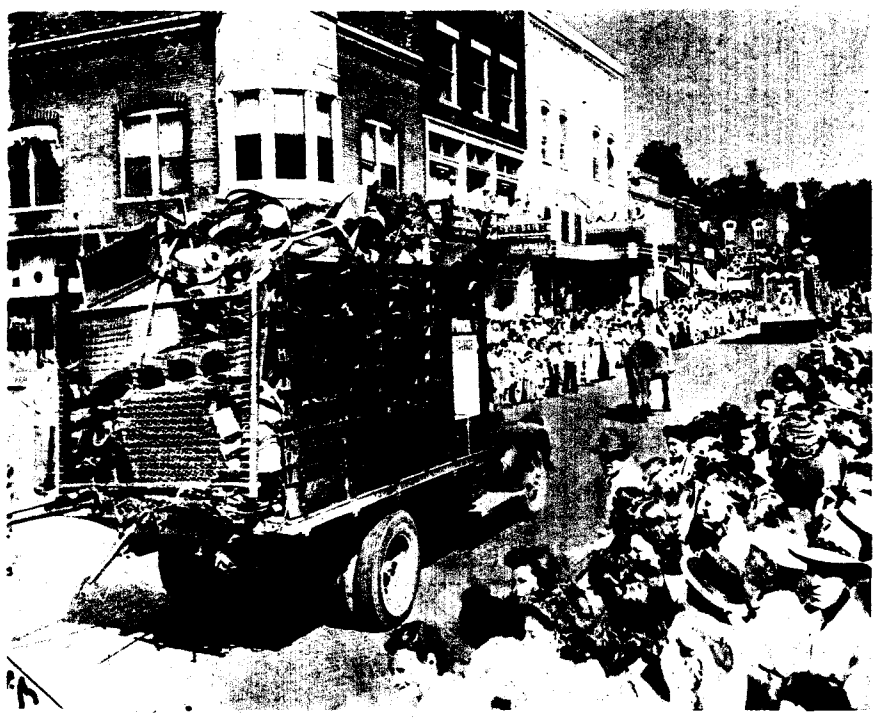
The whirl of the week went on. Major Gen. Walter C. Short, commander of the Hawaiian Military District before Pearl Harbor, became traffic manager of the Ford Motor Company's Dallas branch. The American Legion opened its national convention in Kansas City, Mo., with a proposal that service men of the present war be admitted to membership. It was a week for conventions. The 23rd Annual Convention of the American Cosmeticians National Association was told by hairstylist Reno of Hollywood that milady's hair-do this Fall will be a short bob, with a touch of "artistic disorder." It was hinted that any female not conforming would be drummed out of the association.

People who knew their own minds came to the fore. Magistrate Nicholas H. Pinto, horrified at the useless spending at horse races, recommended that racetrack fans be put into concentration camps. Jo-Carroll Dennison, "Miss America of 1942," denied reports that she was the intellectual type. Herbert Karl Friedrich Bahr asked the Government to return money which the Gestapo furnished him to carry on espionage activity in this country. Even if the Government should consent, it wouldn't do him any good. Mr. Bahr is spending the next 30 years in the Atlanta pen.

The WPB struck a blow at the advertising profession, although inadvertently. It announced that wartime economics inevitably will force elimination of familiar trade marks, and started the ball rolling by ordering the removal of brand names of gasoline.

Rita Hayworth had a nervous breakdown. Her doctor said she had overworked herself in a recent tour of Army camps.

The Democratic National Congressional Committee sent congratulations to newly-elected Republican William T. Pheiffer, causing him to believe the millennium had arrived. (The congratulations were later discovered to have been for also-elected Joseph L. Pfeifer, a Democrat.)



Drive for scrap goes on. In Old Ripley, Ill., this truck moving down Main St., is carrying away metal parts of long unused town jail.

Brig. Gen. Gage, commander of N. Y. harbor defenses, wrote to Walter Laffer, aged 10, of Cleveland, to assure him that his pal, Pvt. King, was happy in the Army. (Pvt. King is a dog.)

It was all part of an American week.

In a speech in honor of the 2,936 Princeton University alumni in the armed services, James V. Forrestal, under-secretary of the Navy, charged the youth of America to "see to it that never again shall this nation be permitted to discard its arms and to rely upon the protocols of good faith and general statements of good will."

At Upper Sandusky, Ohio, farmer Theodore Belle upset his tractor in the field and cut a deep gash in his leg. A herd of 250 hogs and a young bull picked up the scent of his blood and trailed him swiftly. Farmer Bell fought them off desperately until he reached the safety of a small hog and bull proof shed.

After holding off eight years in hope of a reconciliation, Ogden Ludlow of Alexandria, Va., finally divorced his wife—Katharine Hepburn of stage and screen fame. In the San Fernando Valley, Jinx Falkenburg and Evelyn Keyes, film actresses, donned work clothes and helped gather in a record tomato crop in answer to the War Manpower Commission's appeal for pickers to meet the harvest hand shortage.

The Lions Club of Port Arthur, Tex., had a bond-selling program that called for a pretty girl to kiss every Lion who bought a bond. Indignant wives cancelled it. "We are right smack dab in the middle of a Jackass age," commented Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina. Next day he amended his remarks: "Maybe I was a little hasty about that. Anyway, I intend to apologize to the first jackass I see."

It was Felt Hat Week.

Hollywood, Cal.—Mickey Rooney was sued for divorce by his 19-year-old bride, Ava Gardner. Charging extreme mental cruelty, she said: "One of the things that mattered most to me was that I haven't had the sort of homelife with Mickey that I wanted, the sort that any girl would want." Mickey said nothing.

New York, N. Y.—Grand Central Palace was taken over by the Army as an induction center to replace Governor's Island.

Louisville, Ky.—A football game between the University of Louisville and Rio Grande College was interrupted for 45 minutes because an ambulance, called to remove an injured player, became mired in the middle of the field.

McKeesport, Pa.—During an official air raid test Police Chief James H. Gray experimented with a new idea. He rigged up an old-fashioned police whistle and attached it to a tire-inflating machine at a nearby garage. The contraption made so much noise it drowned out 25 official air raid sirens. Police Chief Gray apologized for spoiling the test.

Chicago, Ill.—Though his wife worked 15 months to free him from a concentration camp in Germany in 1939, she refuses to live with him in Chicago, Leo A. Ohlhausen testified in obtaining a divorce.

Newark, N. J.—Under protest, Giuseppe Modarelli, 55, paid a $2 fine for having his shirt off in a park. Said he had ants in it.

Boise, Idaho—The noon train arrived at 11 a.m., children got to school an hour late, everyone was an hour late or an hour early according to the temper of his neighbor. Reason: half the town went back to Standard Time, the other half refused.

Seattle, Wash.—Richard Gwinn, 24-year-old University instructor, gave as his excuse for robbing a department store, "I was being married this week and wanted to get a start in married life."

Chicago, Ill.—Dr. E. W. Burgess, noted sociologist, testified at a divorce hearing that he believes that a husband may have grounds for divorce on a charge of cruelty if his wife refuses to divorce him.

Atlantic City, N. J.—A newspaper story mistakenly had Marilyn Elaine Makin, "Miss Washington" in the annual beauty contest, piping away over a sailor, instead of her actual boy friend, a soldier in Oklahoma. Sobbed she, "A telegram came from Oklahoma saying, 'Excuse me for interfering with the Navy. I hope you'll be frightfully happy.' Golly, am I in trouble."

"Now, inhale — exhale — inhale — exhale — etc. — "

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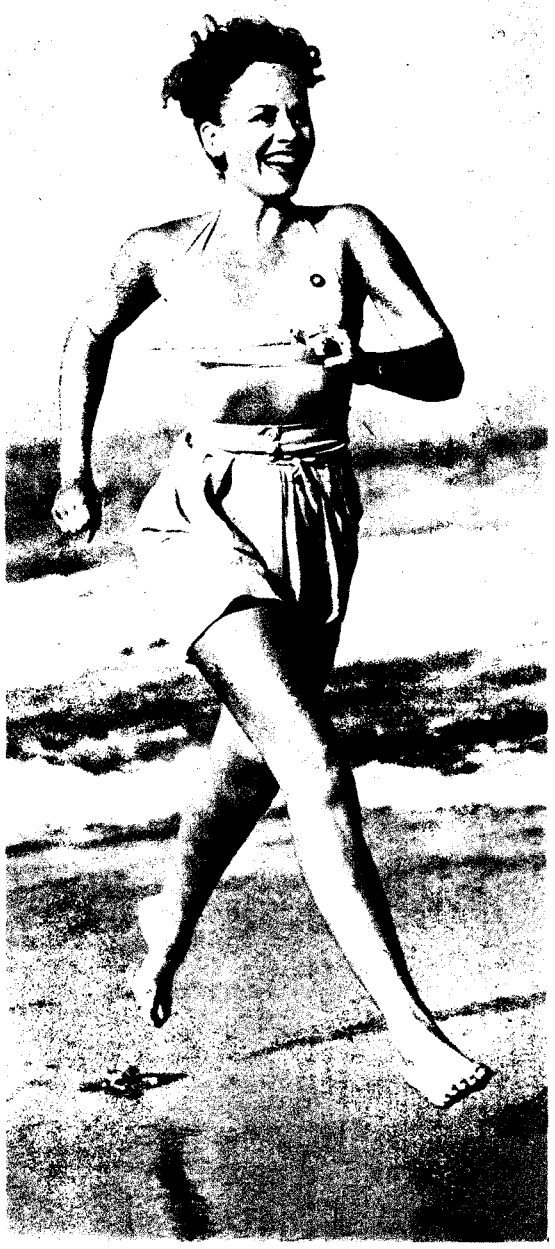
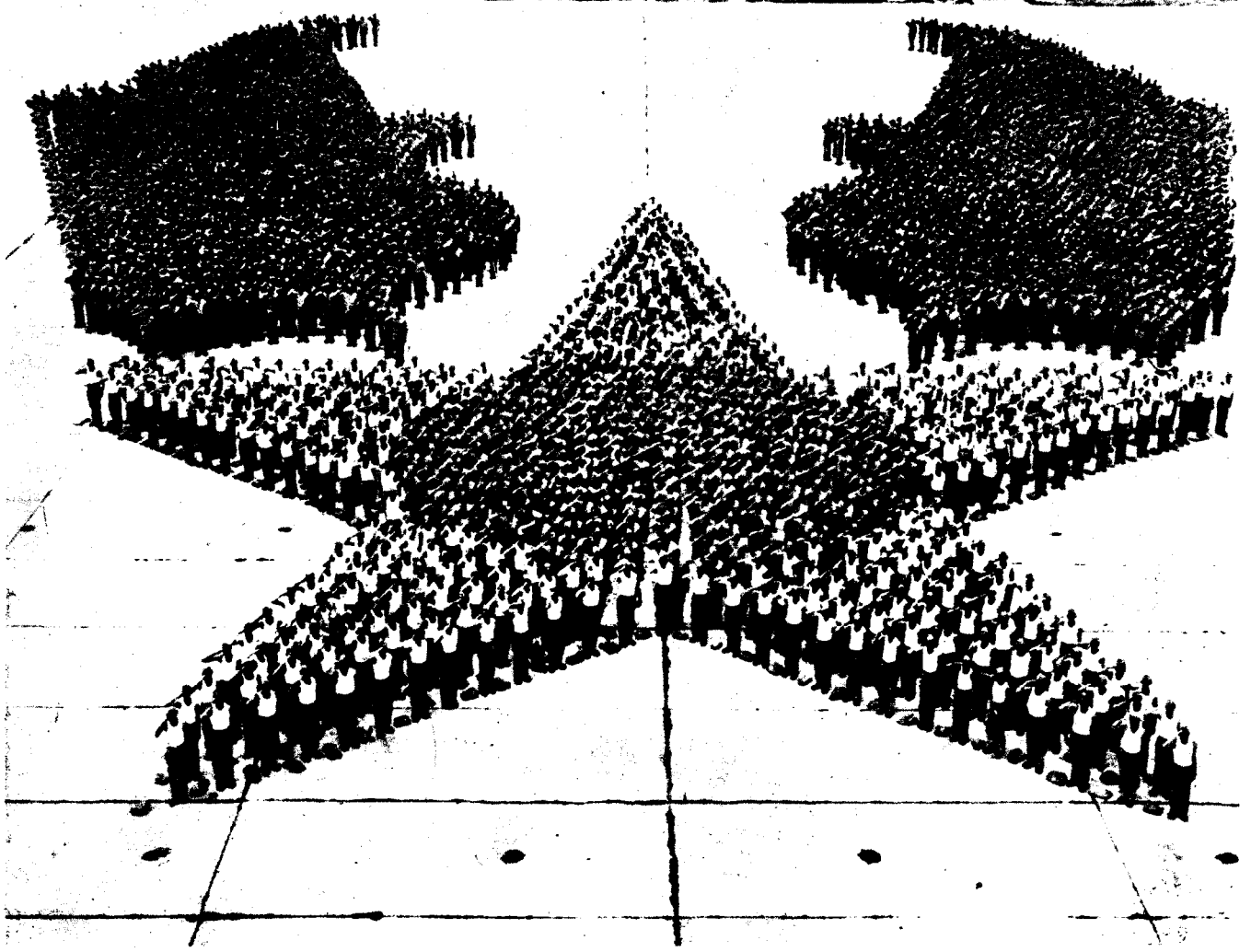
A STAR PE



TRAINEE. Getting into condition for bond-selling tour, Paulette Goddard does road work at Virginia Beach, Va.



TRICKY STUFF. Close-order drill, a bit different from the usual stuff, resulted in this spectacle at Keesler Field, Miss. Men of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command School, form a huge replica of the shoulder patch insignia they wear. Now, see the picture at right . . .

UNDER FIRE. A British gun crew ducks down back of a six-pounder as an enemy shell blows up part of the Egyptian desert. Long-range artillery duels characterize this desert war, and you can be sure this crew was ready to pay back the Axis with plenty more.

HUNTERS' BAG. In New Guinea, an war trophies captu grabs. They are museum pieces now. Pick out

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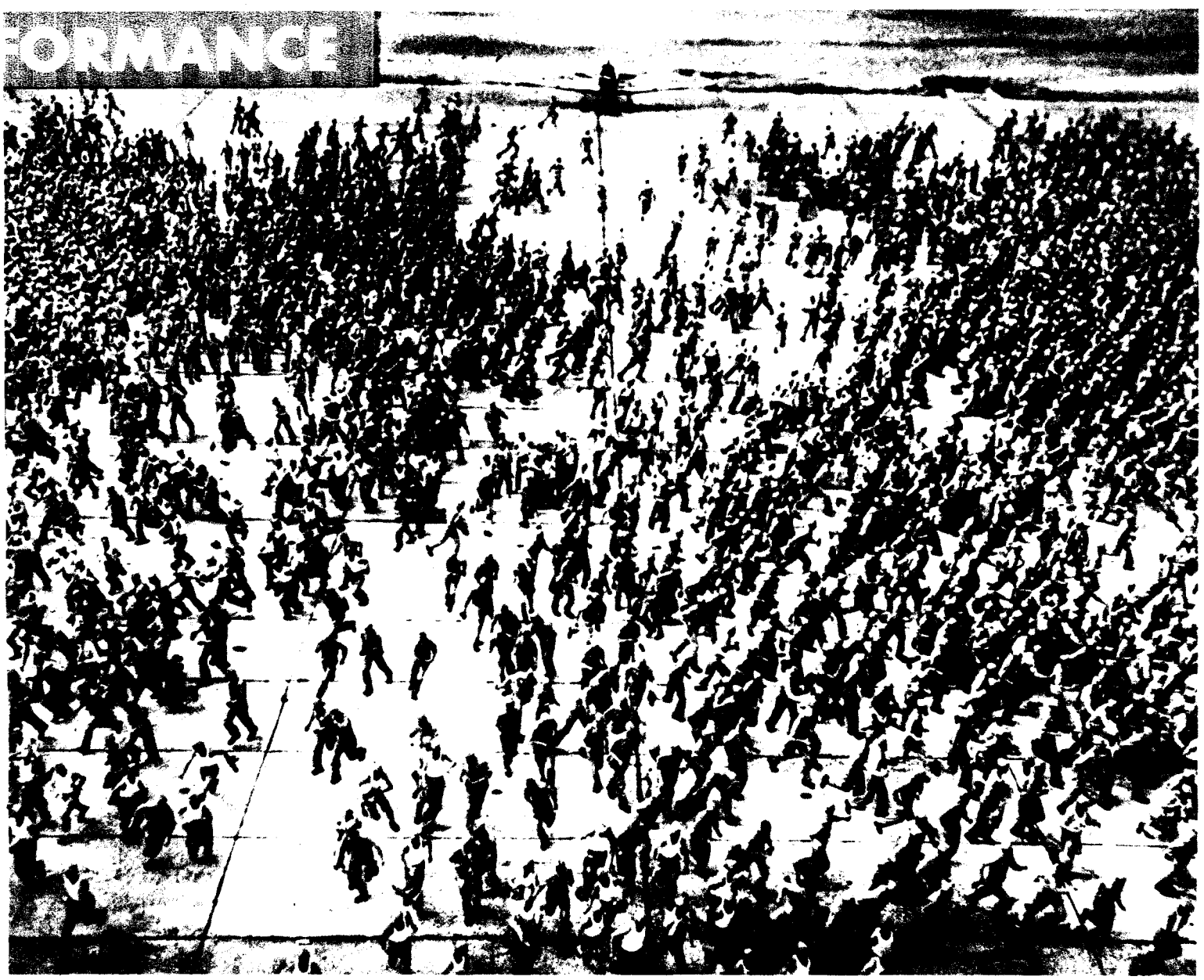

FALL OUT! When the show you saw in the picture at left had come to an end, the Keesler Field men broke ranks on the double—and this unusual scene was the result. (That fellow in the center is in an extra special hurry because he's got a can of beer hidden away in barracks and it's getting warmer and much less tasty with every second's delay.)

CHAMP. Californi model wh won the most beauty titles i 1942 is shapely Mary Marli

ican and an Australian soldier look over some Jap ıen Allied forces were beating off some more land favorite article; you might have your choice some day.

BY AIR MAIL. Col. William O. Eareckson, of the U.S. Army Air Forces in Alaska, chalks a message for the Jap premier on a bomb that's soon to explode on the enemy-held Island of Kiska. Those non-coms look serious about getting that package mailed.

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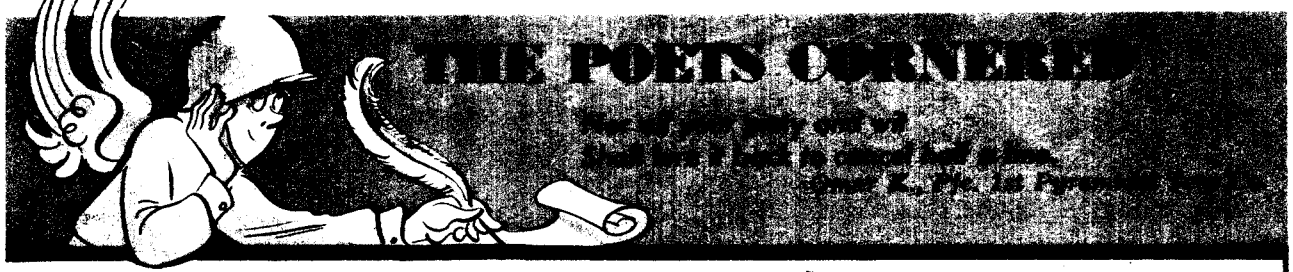


(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

FAIRY TALE

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin both old and medieval;
A soldier espied her,
And plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

THE SHERMANIC
SHERMAN FIELD, KANS.

THE OUTCAST

(Appreciated only by boys who have been on board a transport, where hand inspection is made on chow line.)

Contemptuously, they passed him by,
With coldness in their eyes,
A brother once, a leper now,
A creature to despise.

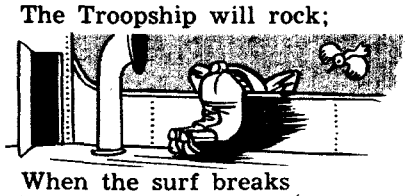
The line moved on, his shame was clear;
He stood for all to view,
The worst of sins was his this day,
And sinners get their due.

He'd come this far with all the rest,
Then—parting of the way,
"Those hands are mighty dirty, boy,
No chow for you today!"

PFC. DAN LAURENCE
AUSTRALIA

MOTHER GOOSE, 1942

Rock-a-bye Troopship
On the wave's top.
When the surf rolls
The Troopship will rock;



When the surf breaks
The Troopship will fall,
And up will come breakfast,
Dinner, and all.

PFC. DAN LAURENCE
AUSTRALIA

GZCRZCHIEWSKI

I'm in this man's army
At least two mont's or more.
I met a lot of fellas
That I never knowed before.
I calls them Jones and Murphy,
And Cohn an' Antoinette;
Yet all them guys what knows me,
My name they just forget.
Gzcrzchiewski.

Now what's wrong wit' those fellas,
Ain't they never was to school?
Or can't they read plain writin';
Or are they just plain fool?
Now I pernounce Jones Jonesie,
And I pernounce Smelt Smelt,
Yet they never get my name right
And it reads just like it's spelt,
Gzcrzchiewski.

But get us on the drill field,
Th' whole thing's mighty strange.
Cause every thing is dif'runt,
An' wat a funny change,
If some one's out of step or line,
If some thing just goes wrong,
You hear them pack of non-coms
Sing out in one loud song,
Gzcrzchiewski.

There's plenty of K.P. detail,
And plenty soldiers too.
There's guardin' and there's garbage,
Boy, there's plenty work to do.
Each night that topkick sarjint
Makes out the next day list.
He never can pernounce it
But yet he never missed
Gzcrzchiewski.

Some soljers crave for womans,
An' others for their pay;
Some guys want just be sarjint,
An' some to ship away.
Now me, I don't like vodka,
Or cards or any game.
I have just one big longing
It's just to change my name
To Smith.

PVT. HARRY HEMMENDINGER

Words Across the Sea

Pvt. Bob Fortner has already made two jumps as a Fort Benning Paratrooper. Asked if he was scared, he replied: "Yeah, the second jump I really sweated." And the first? "Naw, I was too dazed!" He wants to ask Pcf. Eddie Handel, who's with the F. A. in Hawaii, if he recalls "the good old times we used to have." "Maybe I'll get to see you soon and we can have some more fun," he says. Grass skirts close by, soft guitar music in the background. Ahhh.

Pvt. Irving Smith flashed this smile on a young lovely who was kidding him about having his pitcher took. She swooned in her tracks. Lamp the gleam in his eye. A happy-go-lucky tank destroyer, Irving sends his best to a buddy from school days, by name Max Lacash, by luck an M.P., by transport, in Ireland. "I'm on furlough and am going up to see your family and your girl," he says. "Write and let your folks know if you saw this in YANK."

L/Cpl. Bryan Cassidy of Ottawa is no sissy just because he blinked his eyes as the photographer's bulb went off: as a member of Canada's famed tank corps he's 100% fighting man at 19. Though his eyes are closed, his mouth is open and he's asking his old Ottawa buddy, Sgt. Norman Lillico, an Air Force wireless operator and gunner, somewhere in England: "Have you met Grant Morrisson who's now an air gunner over there? John White is on a corvette. Good luck."

Pvt. Robin Schoenfield wants to keep the Ordnance Department communications open. He's in an Ordnance outfit in Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and his words go to Arthur Main of another Ordnance Company in Australia. "I'm still going strong," Robin says. "Keep up the good work. Would have been nice if you could have stayed at Spokane, but maybe I'll be seeing you over there pretty soon."

Pvt. William F. Davis went from a dry goods store to the Chemical Warfare Service, from Cookeville, Tenn. to Kilmer, N. J. Somewhere in Australia, a member of the Air Force, is a fellow Tennessean whom Bill met back home a year ago. His name is William Wade and the good word is: "Congratulations on being made a sergeant. Your mother told me about it. Keep up the good work!"

:AR YANK:
In one of your earlier issues your lumn, "Words Across the Sea," rried a request for Pvt. Irving vine to contact someone mened in the column.
From then on, I realized how popar YANK was on my post, for evyone I knew met me with clipping hand, making sure I contact said rty.
The blow off came when an old ddy of mine, Cpl. Victor Levy itioned in the remote cold wilds Labrador sent me a letter ensing the clipping reminding me do same.
There was only one thing wrong: was *not* the Pvt. Irving Levine entioned in the column.

PVT. IRVING LEVINE
FIGHTER COMMAND SCHOOL
ORLANDO, FLA.

Has anybody seen the right Levine?

:AR YANK:
Noting the number of letters you ve no doubt received about the bject of payday twice per month d will now put in my three cents' orth on the subject. Side: against! This will endear me to many arts, I know, to be against the solers being broke *twice* per month stead of just once but there is one tle subject that none of these peoe have taken into consideration. at is the sheer mountain of paper ork that an Army payroll takes. vice per month and all the payll clerks in the Army would be othing at the mouth.
I existed as a private for nearly ur years and had six years' serve. It is my contention that the ight of the private is so golden at 0 per month that I am amazed at they should desire not to reive all them solid clams intact at e end of the month and would oner receive a paltry $25 twice per onth.

GEORGE F. SMITH
WARRANT OFFICER (JG) AUS
SHEPPARD FIELD, TEXAS

DEAR YANK:
It seems that every time one picks up a paper or magazine he will always see a picture of the men in the armed forces, and hear all about their nervy tasks. But the young girls we have in the Medical Corps deserve a lot of credit too, as they must be right along with the fighting men, to heal the sick and wounded.
I thought that the letter S/Sgt. John Zaller of Camp Livingston, La., wrote in the September 2 issue bore the sentiments of the boys in the service.
I wish YANK a lot of luck and progress, as it is the only way a lot of the boys can get in touch with one another.

PVT. GEORGE ELLIS
MOODY FIELD, GA.

DEAR YANK:
Would you please tell Cpl. Louis V. Martini that I said hello to him, and hope he's O.K. He used to work next to me in the Ledger's art department and is now somewhere in Australia.
Keep up the good work with YANK. It's a helluva good sheet, and the 6th Photo Squadron stands behind that statement.

PFC. BOB BOWIE
6TH PHOTO SQDN.
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO

DEAR YANK:
At present I am in India and am getting a little travel and experience. I left America before the war so with YANK I can kind of keep up with the happenings of home. If you print this letter I would like to tell Bruce Wooten of McChord Field, Wash., to write.

R. E. YOUNG, USAC

DEAR YANK:
When outfits march and hike around here, in jungle or open country, they like to sing. It's a sign of high spirits, confidence and determination.
The trouble is finding suitable marching songs. "The Caisson," "Shores of Tripoli," "Beer-Barrel Polka" and "God Bless America" are all O.K. But we need up-to-date songs—spirited, Yankee, military, marching songs, brewed out of the current fight, current heroes, hopes, determination.
Will our Yankee song writers come through and provide us with more up-to-date marching songs? Will YANK cooperate and print them?

CPL. LEE MARSH
CARIBBEAN DEFENSE COMMAND

If any good songs come in we'll certainly print them.

DEAR YANK:
In the first issue of your new Army newspaper, I happened to read an article "Men and Machines Put Hell on High" by Pvt. Leonard Rubin. I was particularly interested in this article because I believe the author was a roommate of mine in the same rooming house at Syracuse University back in 1937 and 1938. I lost track of him when I left college. I don't know whether this is the right person but I would appreciate it if he would drop me a line if he reads this.
I enjoyed the first issue of YANK very much and am looking forward to the next issues. The best of luck in this new publication.

PFC. W. G. WARR, JR.
NEW CALEDONIA

It's the same Rubin. He is now with the AEF in Great Britain.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
SEPT. 30, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 16
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

Be Careful of Those Checks

THE 22 bucks which you ante up every month under the Service Men's Dependents Allowance Act may never reach your wife unless she fully understands and faithfully follows a few general rules of precaution. This is a straight tip from the U. S. Secret Service, which ought to know.

Here's the reason she's got to be careful: Before very long, well over a million of your buddies will be forking over similar monthly sums for their dependents. This means that after the Government adds its regular antes an avalanche of checks for dependents will be loosed on the U. S. every time there's a pay call.

Now Government checks are like honey: they're sweet to get, but they inevitably draw flies. That's why your wife or other dependent has to be wary, because the kind of fly referred to here has a nasty habit of pilfering mail boxes. He is also adept at snatching things when you aren't looking.

The Secret Service has assured YANK that the Government will do all it can to acquaint dependents with the pitfalls of carelessness. But just to be on the safe side, you'd better sit down and write a letter to the folks back home, pointing out all the things they should and shouldn't do with regard to their allowance checks.

Or, to save time, you can tear this story from YANK and send it home. All the answers are given below to questions your dependent might ask:

1. Make sure your dependent's name and address are correctly and legibly written on the application.

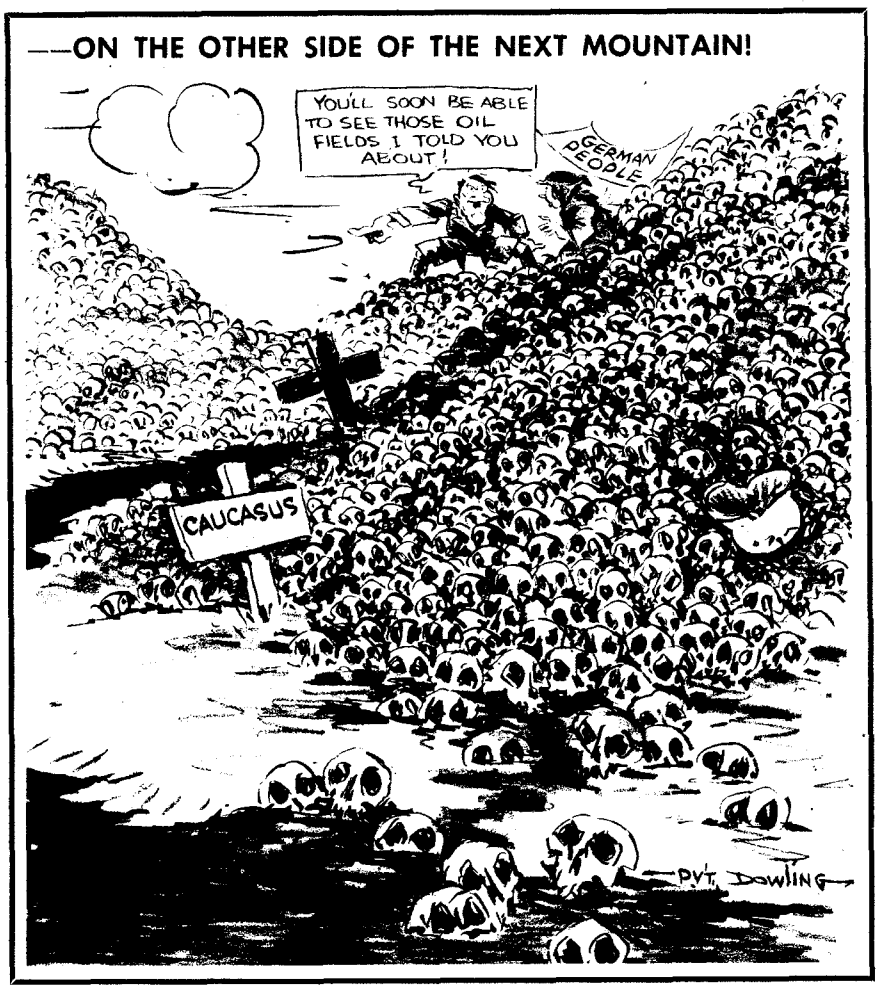
2. The name of your dependent must be plainly visible on the mail box back home. If your dependent is living with another family, make certain that his or her name is placed prominently on the box, even though "in care of John Doe" has been given as part of the address.

3. If your dependent moves, the change of address should be sent at once to his local post office and to the Chief of Finance, Allowance and Allotment Branch, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. This is damned important, because letters containing allowance checks will not be forwarded by the mailman.

4. Dependents should ask their mail carriers to notify them when the checks are delivered. The carrier can do this for persons living in large apartment houses by always ringing the bell in a certain way each time he delivers the characteristic Government envelope. For persons living in rural areas and small towns, the carrier can notify them of the check's arrival by blowing that top kick's whistle of his or by knocking on the door.

5. Checks should be cashed quickly, preferably on the day they are received. They shouldn't be carried around, and they shouldn't be left lying carelessly about the house. You remember how your Aunt Emma was always losing things in that infernal catch-all cabinet of hers.

6. Your dependent should take every precaution not to lose a check. It might take the Government six months or a year to establish that it was actually lost, and not stolen. Meanwhile, there's no pay-off for that month.



7. All checks should be cashed, if practicable, at the same place each month. This will simplify identification.

8. Checks should not be endorsed at home. If they are, and later are lost, you might as well kiss that month's allowance good-bye. Endorse them at the moment of cashing them.

9. Your dependents should endorse their own checks. If this is impossible, because of illness or inability to write, some responsible friend should be charged with seeing to it that all checks are properly endorsed.

Meanwhile, you can be sure the Government is providing ample legal safeguards for all dependents.

A spokesman for the Secret Service told YANK that any small-fry crook who tries to filch a dependent's check will be ruthlessly tracked down, nabbed and thrown in the clink.

Better tear out this clipping right now, brother, and send it home. May save your wife a lot of trouble.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Baseballese

The London Star has published an Englishman's impressions of baseball as played by "invaders from the States."

"Properly to enjoy baseball," the account goes, "you need lungs of leather, a throat of brass, and a vivid and vicious vocabulary. Then you squat on your heels behind first base and tell the pitcher all about his ancestors at the top of your voice.

"You call him a swivel-eyed son of a female dog. You remind him that his grandfather went to jail for stealing a blind man's tin mug. You point out that he cannot pitch for little apples, that his arms are made of India rubber, and his brains of sawdust and old sausage meat."

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 2, Acme. 3, Sgt. George Aarons. 4, Cpl. Gordon Frye. 5, PA. 6, left, INP; right, WW. 7, top left, PA; center, Acme; bottom right, OWI. 8, left, PA; right, INP. 9, left, INP; right, Acme. 10, PA. 11, left, Columbia Pix; right, Acme. 12-13, top left, PA; top center left and right, WW; top right, bottom left and bottom center, Acme; bottom right, U.S. Sig Corps. 17, Camp Davis PRO. 18, top center, YANK; bottom right, U.S. Navy. 21-22, Acme. 23, INP.
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

Il Ruse

Nobody paid any attention when two Italian officers started carrying packages into the huge tank and repair factory at Tirana in Albania.

The packages were explosives.

The officers were Albanian.

The factory isn't there anymore.

Double Ultimate

A Swiss report says that the current answer in Germany to the question, "When will the war end?" is that the war will end when the British are reduced to eating rats—and by that time, the Germans say, they themselves will be eating some substitute for rats.

That's Brass for You!

Back in 1907, magazine correspondent Jimmy O'Hare received a gold medal from the Emperor of Japan in recognition of his coverage of the Russo-Japanese War.

Now O'Hare has presented the medal to the Overseas Club to be recast and presented to the first American flyer to bomb the imperial palace in Tokyo. It was sent to a jeweler to be assayed.

The jeweler turned out to be so sorry: "The medal is 100 per cent brass," said his report, "and low quality brass at that."

Patriotic Panties

Britain's affection for American troops has finally reached women's lingerie. One of London's finest stores is featuring a window display of pink panties with small U. S. flags embroidered on them.

"They are in great demand," a saleswoman reported.

Unholy Trinity

A recent arrival from Europe reports that the German people are beginning to realize exactly what the Nazi's New Order really means. It means that Hitler does the thinking for them, Goebbels the talking, Goering the eating.

Mother Tongue Tongue-Tied?

A historian has unearthed the following Oriental item of interest: Japan's imperial rescripts (official proclamations) are written and published today as they have been for hundreds of years—in classical Chinese.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

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BETWEEN the LINES

Hot Off The Pogo Stick

Believe it or not, this here piece is being wrote with my typewriter mounted on a pogo stick.

That is the only way I can get the typewriter to keep up with me, because for the last three days I been bouncing up and down in short bounces and I can't stop. I no sooner light one place than I take off again, and I can tell you it ain't no fun to keep bumping your head against the ceiling.

It all started with a horrible experience I had in a jeep. I have been bouncing up and down ever since, all by myself.

Last Thursday everything was quiet at the guard house. Me and my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith was cleaning the sentry's rifle for him and Pvt. Phineas McFiddle, the invisible yardbird that lives in the guard house trash can, was sitting peacefully on the window sill chewing on a saddle soap sandwich.

Then all of a sudden a sergeant from the motor transport comes riding right into the guard house in one of them jeep contraptions.

"Holy smoke!" says Pvt. Stinky Smith. "Lookit—termites!"

"Come on, you guys—get in," says the sergeant. "I am going out to see what this thing will do, and I need ballast."

Well, sir, what happened to us then hadn't ought to have happened to a dog. That was the wildest ride I have ever took, and that was what started me bouncing so I can't stop. But me and Stinky Smith and Phineas McFiddle didn't know what was coming when we climbed into that jeep contraption.

We took off with a jump and went right through the window. The sergeant never even looked back—he just whipped down that gravel road at about 65 miles an hour and then made a right-angle turn without even slowing down. That was where we lost Pvt. Stinky Smith. I think we lost Pvt. Phineas McFiddle there too, though he says he was with us all the time. Pvt. McFiddle is hard to keep track of, being invisible.

I do not rightly remember everything that happened to me in that jeep contraption, except that it sure was a horrible experience. That was the most awful half hour I have put in since I went through the mill at the draft board.

I remember that the sergeant kept whizzing in and out of ditches at 70 miles an hour and shaking his head because he couldn't make the jeep turn over.

Then there was a time when we took off cross country, practically hidden in the grass, dodging tree stumps and bouncing off logs. Every now and then the sergeant would holler to duck and I would pull in my head just as we whizzed under a barbed wire fence.

The worst part of the ride was when the sergeant started rounding up jackrabbits. At one time he must have had at least 100 of them gathered into a pack.

The pack was moving east at about 50 miles an hour, and the sergeant kept circling around and around the pack chasing the strays back into line.

When we finally got back to the guard house I could barely stagger out. To get that groggy in a natural way I would have to make at least three trips around the pretzel circuit.

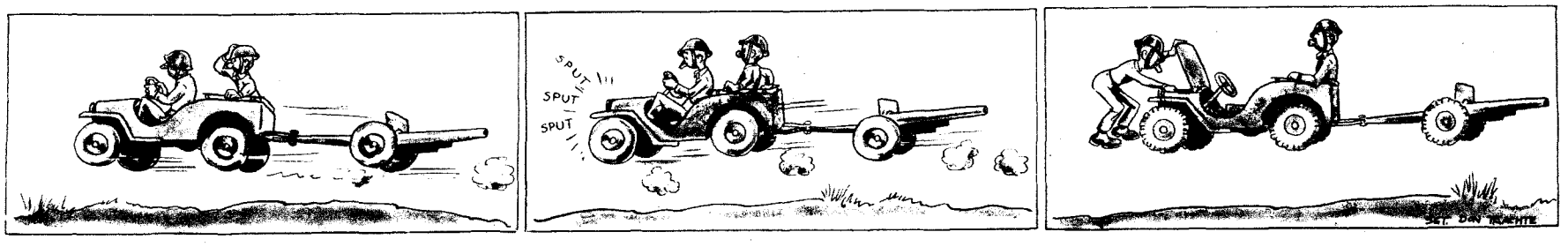
The last I saw of the sergeant he had his jeep up in the top branches of a big oak tree and was playing hide-and-seek with a bunch of squirrels.

"Holy smoke!" I says. "How in blazes did you get up there?"

"Up here?" says the sergeant. "Oh, I put her into low gear."

S/Sgt. David R. McLean
Camp Wolters, Texas

"This guy throws better than he shoots!"



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You Can Always Get Credit In This Canteen—Full Credit

The Post Exchange

Fashion Note: Double Breasted O. D. Overcoats Will Be Seen In Continental Capitals This Winter

The Newsstand

Camp Roberts, Cal., got its first woman barber—a beauteous blond. No one has been gigged for long hair since she came. . . . A columnist in the **Fort Ord** (Cal.) *Panorama* wants to know, "What's Clark Gable got that I haven't got outside of a $3,500-a-week job when he gets out of the Army?" . . . "Jitterbug," the brindle-colored mongrel dog which was the mascot of **Camp Claiborne,** La., and later of **Fort Dix,** N. J., is now in the British Isles with his old company. He's so well trained he'll stay in a tightly closed barracks bag for a half-hour at a time, as quiet as a bundle of towels.

A payroll clerk at **Fort Benning,** Ga., red-lined himself. . . . Lucky **Keesler Field,** Miss., is getting gal messengers. First was a pretty dancer but she's already wed to a soldier. . . . Brig. Gen. Ralph H. Wooten hit 11 out of 12 bullseyes to out-shoot **Miami Beach** (Fla.) soldiers on the rifle range. . . . Student soldier typists at **Camp Crowder,** Mo., practise to recorded music. No hot licks, just operatic arias.

From **Africa** Pvt. Albert ("Daddy") Landi sends us the snapshots of two

buddies (Pvt. Bill Davidson of New Jersey, left, and Pvt. Ed Zona of Massachusetts) and dares us to print it. They're wearing real leopard skins.

O. C. Irv Blumenfeld of **Sumas,** Wash., writes that the physical exams to get into the Army are being made less strict: "When I was inducted, a line of about 15 doctors examined me thoroughly. But now, they tell me, there are just two examining physicians. One doc closes an eye and looks into your right ear; the other medic closes an eye and looks into your left ear. If the two docs can't see each other—brother, you're in!"

Army transport planes delivered a cargo of gliders to the Glider Training Detachment at **Mobile,** Ala. . . . Clyde Singleterry's career in the merchant marine ended when the third ship was torpedoed under him. He quit and joined the Army, is at **Camp Grant,** Ill.

Sleeping peacefully in his tent at the Medical Replacement Training Center, **Camp Barkeley,** Texas, Pvt. George Proctor was awakened by something heavy on his chest. He reported later: "It was a dowager mosquito sitting on my chest and looking at my dog tags to see what my blood type was."

A new beauty shop is being built at **Fort Bliss,** Texas. Don't worry, it's for the WAACS. . . . At **Fort Huachuca,** Ariz., S/Sgt. Peter Hardley rejected a promotion and pay raise of $18 a month so that he could continue to carry the flag in his regimental color guard.

From **Northern Ireland** Pfc. Ed. Cofeil sent in the photo of two jumpers (Pfc. Fred Omorosa, Jersey City,

DEEP IN THE HEARTS of the men of Camp Barkeley, Texas, are these three girls, who were elected out of 250 entrants to be queens of the 25th anniversary celebration of the 359th Infantry Regiment. In center holding corsage, Miss Marjorie Kilgo, first choice. left, Miss Clarine Marsh, second; Miss Ann Tipton, third.

This week YANK opens its own Post Exchange, a new contributors' department for the amusement and amazement of Army canteen society the world over. It is a clearing house for the best in humor, art and writing by soldiers. With due regard for merit, The Post Exchange will give recognition to as much of this work as space will permit. But if we find it impossible to use your contribution, you will receive the most handsome rejection slip ever sent out by any heartless publication, suitable for pasting up beside that picture of Jane Russell or for target practice.

Send your offering to The Post Exchange, care of YANK. You may be sure it will get careful consideration; this is one PX that never closes for inventory.

and Pfc. Harry Moskowitz, Miami Beach) responding to a G.I. Jive program. He also pays YANK its proudest compliment to date: "Every Sunday when we draw our rations this weekly publication of yours is just as important as our beer—and that's going some."

ODE TO SELECTIVE SERVICE

I remember 'twas only some 10 months ago
That they classified me in 1-A
And a couple of wise guys came down for a laugh
When a corporal marched me away.

I had hardly been gone from my home town a week
When that son-of-a-gun in 3-A
Took over my job at the vinegar works
(Only he got just double my pay).

And almost as soon as my troop train pulled out
That flatfooted guy in 1-B
Started running around with the girl friend at home
Who had promised to stay true to me.

But justice is justice; each dog has his day,
And those guys in 3-A and 1-B
Were reclassified so that they now drill all day
And cuss at their sergeant—THAT'S ME!

—PVT. GIMLET GROGAN
CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS

Peeve Poll

A survey of personnel of Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Fla., produces the following blacklist of characters who never would be missed.

IRISH WASH WOMAN: This barracks menace drapes his damp laundry all over the double-decked bunks as though they were criss-cross drying racks. Occupant of the lower bunk, trying to catch a noon siesta, invariably finds his nose in close juxtaposition to suspended moist socks or drawers. This species is also fond of hanging soggy, sudsy laundry in front of the open windows so that the entire barracks has the aroma of a Monday basement.

NOCTURNAL SOLOIST: Each floor has its man who torments the moonlight with nasal cadenzas and guttural chants ranging from expert imitation of lumber-sawing to concertos in weird flats. Everyone suffers and loses weight from lack of sleep except the soloist who is highly indignant when accused of unknitting the ragged sleeve of care.

SURREALIST: The K.P. who thinks he's Salvador Dali when he serves food on your plate or tray. Somehow persistently and rather wonderfully manages, despite your counter-manipulations, to get the gravy on the ice cream, the spinach on the salad and the potatoes on the bread.

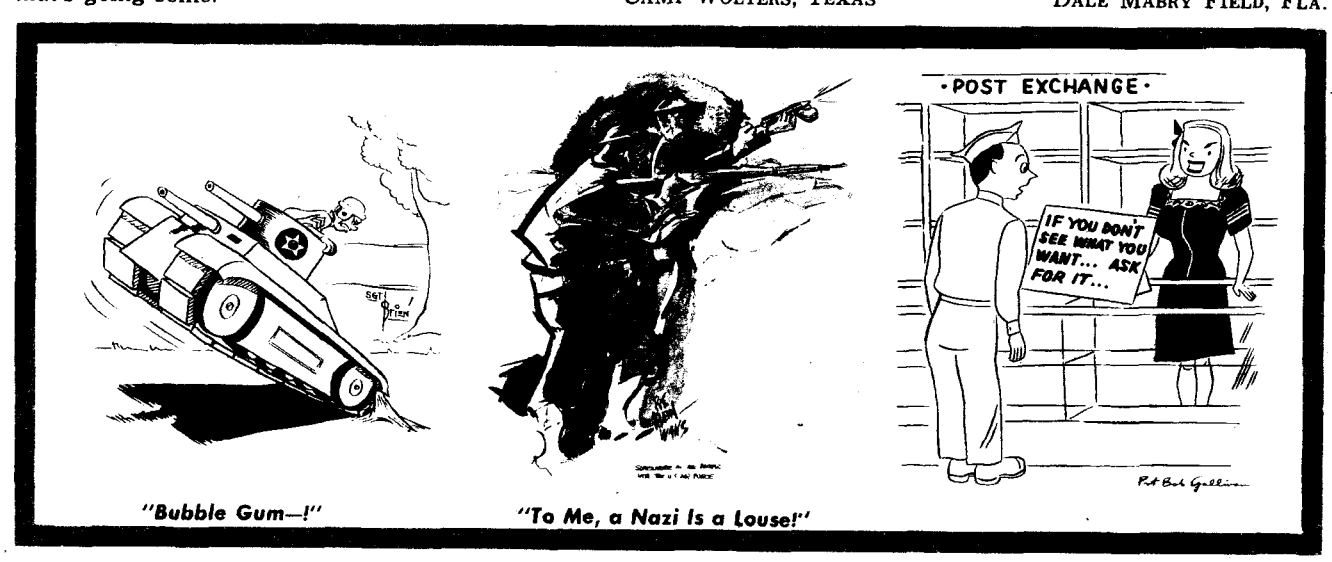
I-SPY FIEND: Write a personal letter on a typewriter or by hand and this species patrols slowly up and down the room behind your back doing his best to read what you're writing. Answer a telephone call and he freezes like a pointer on the alert to catch each and every word.

LINE-CRASHER: An artist at insidiously edging into an established line of wait. At chow, movie, laundry and inspection lines, this variety saunters up to the fifth man in place and establishes an easy, disarming conversation about the weather, last night's beer bust, or John Steinbeck's latest book. Edging gently in with a question and a shoulder he saves himself the boredom of waiting in line like anybody else.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN: Get in front of one of these at the theater and he kicks a tattoo on the small of your back, increasing the vigor with the excitement of the screen plot. Also addicted to screaming and whistling each time the screen goes black.

MISCELLANEOUS: Those who get the last coke out of the coke machine and gloat over it, take two fistfuls of cookies when someone passes a box, block the counter at the PX by just hanging on it to beat their gums about nothing.

S/SGT. JACK WARFEL
DALE MABRY FIELD, FLA.



"Bubble Gum—!" *"To Me, a Nazi Is a Louse!"*

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STRICTLY G.I.

No More Jawbone

The saddest news to hit the Army in some time is a War Department dictum that jawbone is to be abolished Nov. 1. After that date, all transactions in this country at post commissaries, theatres, barber shops, tailor shops and other post stores will be strictly on a cash basis, and that applies both to officers and enlisted men. Outside the continental U.S. the decision to abandon or continue jawbone will be up to the commanding general of each area. The War Department decided on this measure because the paper work on company collection sheets, etc., was becoming too complicated with the expansion of the Army and frequent shifting of men. The War Department also said that elimination of credit will encourage habits of thrift among the soldiers.

If any of the relatives you left behind want a job and are located near New York City, send them around to the Placement Bureau of Army Emergency Relief, Second Service Command, Room 1210, 29 Broadway, New York. The bureau placed 25 out of 51 applicants its first week and has been keeping up that average. It operates on the simple principle that a job must be found for every soldier's wife, mother or sister who needs one. The bureau is also presently working on a way to take care of soldier's children while mama is at work.

The Second Service Command is sponsoring an Army One-Act Play contest, open to anyone in the Army. Only scripts written by soldiers especially for this contest will be considered. Plays should require not less than 15 and not more than 40 minutes to play. No limit is placed on form or subject matter, but don't be too ambitious with the form; these things have to be played in rec halls and post theatres, not opera houses. Deadline is Dec. 21, 1942. Prizes are $100, $80, $60, $40 and $20 for the first five winners. The plays will probably be collected in book form, and all royalties will go to the writers.

Prize

For Following an Order to the Letter—To Cpl. William Bosdell of Fort Moultrie, S. C., while sweeping out a room with several other soldiers. Said his sergeant to Cpl. Bosdell, "Run over to the guard tent and see if there's a dustpan." Said Cpl. Bosdell upon returning in a flash, "Yes, there is."

Creamed Items on a Shingle

The largest shoes in the Army are probably worn by Pvt. Raymond Kemp of Camp Shelby, Miss.—17 EEEEE. Troop movements in this country during the first nine months of this war have been more than three times the number during the comparable period of World War No. 1. Army railroad travel here now exceeds 700,000,000 passenger miles in one month, which is a lot of miles. To make it easy for his topkick at Fort Devens, Mass., Pvt. Aloysius Artura Nackonieczy has his name legally changed to Pvt. Vladimir Wojahacki Makonieczy. The War Department now employs approximately 300,000 women, not counting WAACs. The first WAACs to graduate from OCS at Des Moines have been assigned to WAAC headquarters in Washington. Others were retained at the school as instructors and to form cadres. The ordnance post at Jefferson Proving Ground, Mo., is in the market for a taller flagpole. The one they have is inadequate to fly all their awards, which include the Army-Navy "E" and the War Bond flag for 100 per cent officer and enlisted-man bond subscription.

If you are one of the 45 upstanding young men who lived on 82nd Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues in New York City before entering the Army, kindly get in touch with W. H. von Wustenberg, of 221 E. 82nd Street. Mr. W. H. v. W. is treasurer of an organization of block residents who have collected a lot of dough for the boys who went into service from that block. They want to send them all presents, but don't know where half of them are. So if you formerly lived there and want a present, Mr. Wustenberg is your man.

General Rations His Words

One of the shortest and most pointed speeches made in this war has recently come from Brig. Gen. Ira Eaker, head of the AAF in England. He got up at a banquet given in honor of the AAF and said, "I won't do any talking until we've done some fighting. I only hope that when we've gone you'll be glad we came." Then he sat down.

Miss Ann Rutherford

She Likes Soldiers

(And Soldiers Like Her)

IF ANY Hollywood starlet deserves a medal, it is Ann Rutherford. She deserves one for working her pretty figure to the bone playing camp shows for soldiers, for putting pretty shadows under her pretty eyes selling bonds, and for appearing in 11 Andy Hardy pictures.

Playing for the soldiers is her favorite of the three diversions. "Soldiers are most charming," Ann says. "They are perfect gentlemen. They are not at all shy."

Ann went around with a camp show called "The Razzle Dazzle Revue" and was such a hit that they made her an honorary staff sergeant at Camp Lee, Va. She even has documents from Washington to prove it.

"I met so many boys from home on that tour," Ann says. "It seems that everyone I know is in the Army."

Home for Ann is the West Coast, where she was raised after spending her formative months in Toronto. After a normal childhood, with a little radio work on the side, Ann broke into pictures at the age of 16.

"My first picture was called 'Waterfront Lady,'" Ann says with hardly a shudder. I even did a serial called 'The Fighting Marines.'" She repressed a shudder.

After this stint in the salt mines, Ann went to Metro and became a bona fide starlet. She did 10—count 'em—10 Andy Hardys there and then they sold her to Twentieth Century-Fox. This proved to be very canny trading, since Metro promptly borrowed her back again for another Hardy and a picture with Red Skelton.

At the moment Ann is free of movie jobs and is considering offers to go to Iceland, Panama or the Caribbean to entertain the boys. "I don't know which to take," she says. "It's all so exciting."

HOLLYWOOD IN WARTIME

Film Records Battle of Midway

They have finally made a true movie of Yanks under fire, and it was the Navy that did it. The film is a two-reel factual account of the battle of Midway, shot in Technicolor from the island itself by Lieut.-Commdr. John Ford, former Hollywood director, and "an unidentified enlisted man."

Actually, the film is an account of a very small part of the battle of Midway. The camera never gets off the island except for a few brief shots aboard a battle wagon and in a plane. Out of 15 minutes that the film runs, about seven are devoted to battle scenes, but these give us the first real pictures of how Americans look and act under fire.

The first half of the movie is a description of Midway, a little like a travelogue. Here are the beautiful Flying Fortresses and Marines marching, and pelicans. "These are the natives of Midway," the commentator says. "Tojo has sworn to liberate them."

There is one scene that Fitzpatrick himself might have made. It is a real South Sea Technicolor sunset, complete with flaming sky and sailors silhouetted against the horizon. But one of the sailors is playing an accordion and the background music is "Red River Valley," which is not a travelogue song.

Next day the Japs hit. You see them first high in the sky. The camera follows them down, picking up the tracers that come out to meet them. A siren starts to scream and the motor roar becomes louder and you pick up the chatter of machine guns. Sound is important here. The cameraman stays on a jeep racing across a field, but the effect comes from the terror of sound around him.

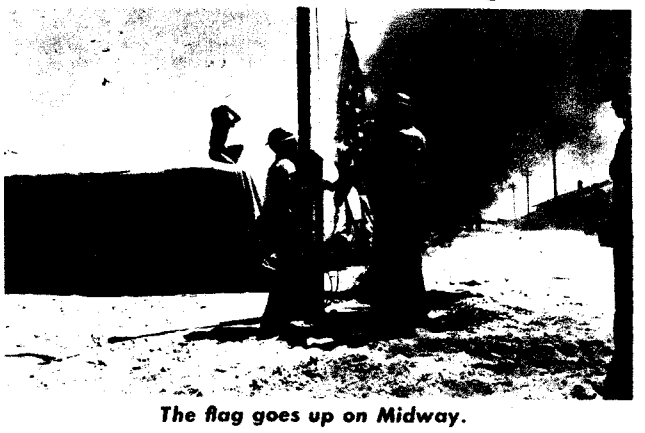
Two planes take off to meet the Japs and voices yell, "There go the Marines!" Two machine gunners sit in a hole, lips drawn back over teeth, too busy to register any emotion except concentration on their job. A building is hit and bursts into flames and the smoke billows out like black whipped cream.

The best effect is accidental. A plane dives at the camera and lets go. There is a crash that jars your teeth and the film spins crazily. It jumps the sprockets. The ground is a dizzy blur and earth merges with sky and it is as if you were knocked down and rolled in the sand. Then there is a cut and you are back in focus again.

Finally it is over. The planes are gone and the only sound is the crackle of flames. The camera sweeps the desolation without comment. A hangar burns quietly, a few men watching it. A Marine stands by the wreckage of a Zero. The hospital is levelled. The Japs aimed well.

Then our planes return and a search starts over the sea for survivors. The wounded are packed onto stretchers. There is one unforgettable shot of a flyer taken off a plane and trundled away. He is miserable with pain.

The next day they bury their dead, quietly and with little talk. An unshaven chaplain reads the service. The bodies are wrapped in their flag and taken



The flag goes up on Midway.

out to sea. The camera goes with them and then turns back to the island where they had died—a barren strip of sand sunk almost in the sea. The black smoke is still curling up into the sky and planes are flying out on patrol. It is very quiet.

The picture ends with the figures of Jap ships and planes sunk in the battle.

You have seen only a tiny segment of a battle, jerky and confused. From it you could not tell who was winning or even who was fighting. But you could see men fighting and a little of the nature of war, and the faces of men while they were at war, and that is a great deal.

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The GREMLINS are COMING

Words by Sgt. Robert Moora
YANK's London Bureau

Gremlins by Sgt. Ralph Stein
YANK's Gremlin Bureau

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Yank flyers in the RAF Eagle squadrons, entering the U. S. Army Air Force Oct. 1, will bring their Gremlins along with them.

This may or may not be good news to the other American pilots in action here who haven't had much to do with Gremlins. They will probably have a little difficulty at first, trying to distinguish one Gremlin from another.

Eagle Squadroners, however, have learned to tell at a glance whether a Gremlin is a good Gremlin or a bad Gremlin. It should not take long for our guys to do the same.

It is rather difficult to define a Gremlin. The men in the RAF have been putting up with them for a long time, even since before the war, but they shut up like a clam when somebody asks them to describe what a Gremlin looks like.

"Let's talk about something else," they mutter with a frown.

But a few authorities on the question say that they are little men who usually are not there. They wear spats and live on corn flakes and milk.

Appeared First in 1928

Gremlins made their first appearance in the RAF back around 1928 when a flight lieutenant lost his tobacco pouch somewhere around the officers' mess.

"There must have been a Gremlin about," he mumbled.

Soon afterward, another lieutenant was asked by a station commander about a night-flying test.

"The weather was all right," he said. "But I saw a Gremlin on my wing tip."

"What is a Gremlin?" asked the commander.

"It's smaller than a hobgoblin, sir," the lieutenant answered, "but far more cunning."

Generally speaking, Gremlins fall into two classifications, good and bad. Sometimes, however, it is tough to tell them apart. This week, while visiting the Eagle Squadron, I was told by Flying Officer Jack Neville, from Oklahoma City, of an odd-type Gremlin who subsists on nothing but nuts plucked from under-carriages of Spitfires.

"Just yesterday," said Neville, "while walking to my kite for a sweep, I met rather a quiet Gremlin. I was uncertain whether it was a good Gremlin or a bad one, so to test him I invited him to my plane and offered him a nut.

"It just happened he was a good Gremlin. He was so insulted that he vanished in the blue flame from the exhaust."

Neville spoke soberly and seriously. Indeed, on several visits to RAF bases, I have yet to hear an officer or enlisted man joke about Gremlins. There is utmost respect for them since they are ruled by the Grand Walloper, a fat little man resembling Buddha, who wears a top hat and carries an umbrella.

It is the Gremlins who control winds, rains and fates while flying. They are not to be spoken of lightly, for they can be mischievous or helpful, evil or kind.

They Do Everything

There is, for instance, the Gremlin of Spandule, or Ice Gremlin Species, who perches on the wing tips at high altitudes with a bucket of molten ice and paints the wings with it. This Gremlin operates only at 9,999 feet, so he can do his dirty work to planes for only a fraction of a second. The rival of that species is the spear-toting Gremlin, friendly to aviators, who climbs gingerly from the cockpit and obligingly chips off the ice.

Clan Gremlins, working in large numbers, gather in a group when the plane reaches the home field, then slide down the radio beam, reach the airdrome first, and jerk the runway from under the wings, leaving the pilot befuddled as to whether he is on course or not. On the other hand, if the plane trying to land is about to overshoot the field, friendly Gremlins may lower blocks and tackle, and pull the runway up to meet the wheels.

There's another good bunch of them, who spring into action when their plane gets badly shot up. They file out along the wings from tip to tip in a military manner, hand in hand, and stand there holding the ship together until it lands safely. They are called Gremlinks.

There are many other varieties of Gremlins. A Cavity Gremlin resembling a mole digs holes near the apron to make planes bump. The Bombsight Buglet has bright green eyes which dazzle the bombardier. The only way to cope with this baby is to lay a trail of molasses from the bombsight to the escape hatch.

Whenever a sea gull attacks an aircraft, possibly with serious consequences, there is a Gremlin responsible. "In this form of indirect attack," explains an observer, "the Gremlin sits cross-legged between the sea gull's wings until a collision is inevitable. Then he abandons the sea gull, gains cloud cover and, chuckling throatily, sets his course for the base."

Did They Come from Texas?

Some bad Gremlins delight in causing ailerons to flutter, whisking maps from cases, biting control wires, rushing en masse to the front of the plane, making it nose-heavy. No matter how much Gremlin powder is sprinkled on the plane before the takeoff, there is no guarantee of protection. Good Gremlins noticing a wing too high, blow on the aileron, sending it down. Those greatly endeared to pilots sleep in flying jackets, providing a warm coating of Gremlining.

No one knows exactly the origin of the Gremlin. A few men of the Royal Air Force say the granddaddy Gremlin raced up and down Icarus' arms, creating sufficient friction to melt his wax wings, whereupon that brave pioneer aviator plunged into the Hellespont. Some Eagle Squadroners insist that the Gremlin was unknown until first observed at Kelly Field, Tex., around 1923 or 1924 which, if true, indicates Gremlins originated in the American Army.

True or not, Gremlins are in the U. S. Air Force now, and for all the little woes that may arise, Uncle Sam's flyers now have a ready explanation.

They can say it's Gremlin trouble.

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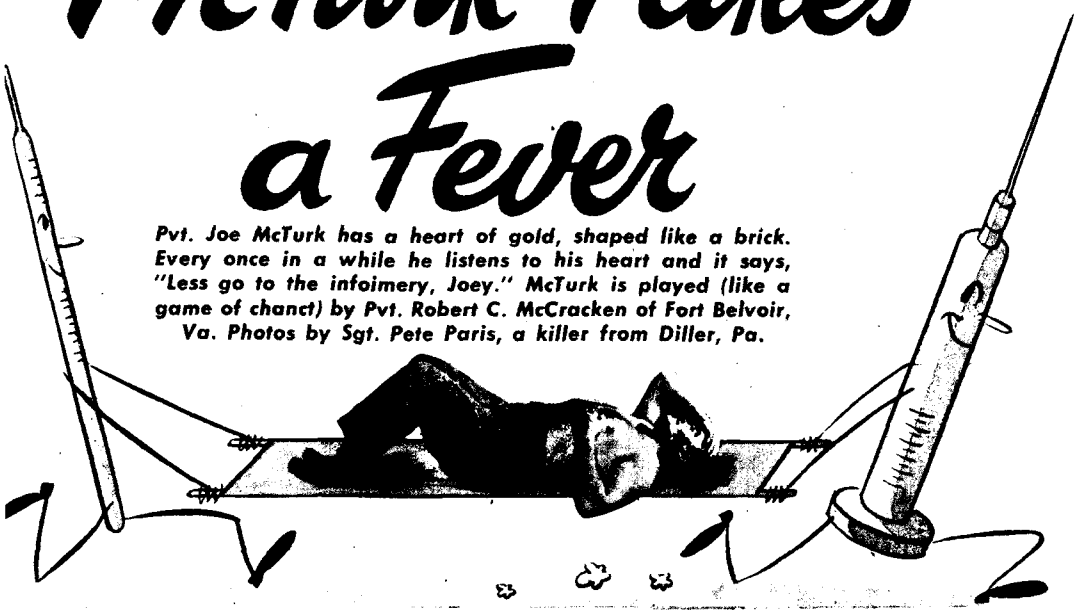
McTurk Fakes a Fever

Pvt. Joe McTurk has a heart of gold, shaped like a brick. Every once in a while he listens to his heart and it says, "Less go to the infoimery, Joey." McTurk is played (like a game of chanct) by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va. Photos by Sgt. Pete Paris, a killer from Diller, Pa.



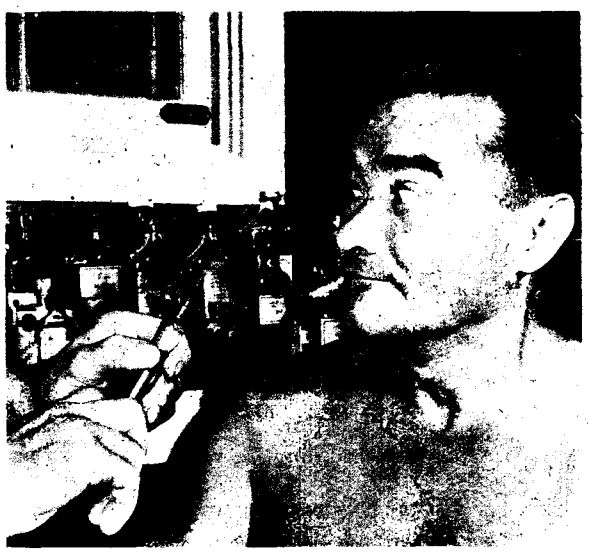
IT IS EARLY MORNING when a lump of flesh named McTurk is drug into the infirmary. Mac had a choice between putting up a heavy ponton bridge or developing symptoms, so he developed. "Careful, chums," he tells his bearers. "Go easy with me indigestibility." One of the bearers gets a whiff of Mac's cigar. "I guess I better stay a while, too," he says.

IN THE HOLE *left by the McTurk cheroot a pill-pusher* inserts a thermometer. The Great Man reclines on his back, thinking. "Suppose," he says to himself, "I can't whup up a fever. They'll turn me back in the field. I'll have to woik. Oik!" Suddenly an idea strikes him. Maybe if he touched a match to the thermometer. . . .

NO SOONER *said than done. Leering* fiercely, Mac kindles a small bonfire under the innocent thermometer. The mercury mounts. 102° . . . 106° . . . 110°. . . . "This ought to toin their stummicks all right," says Mac, a smile of triumph crossing his puss.

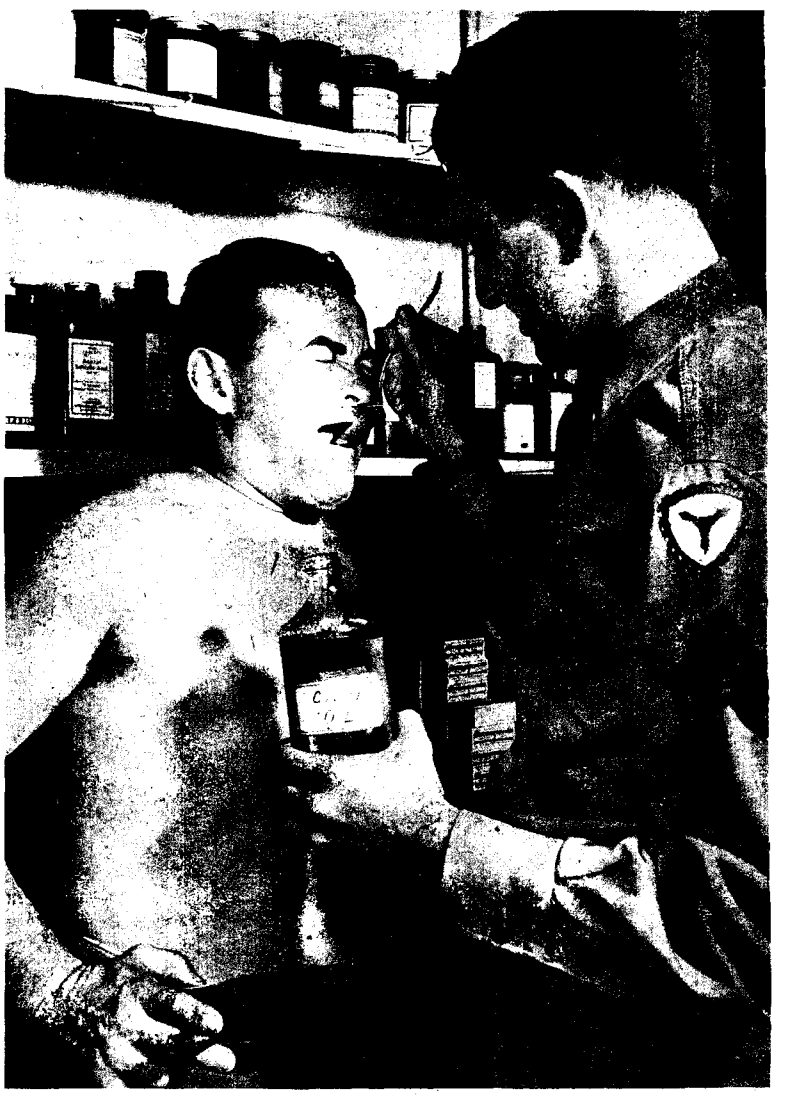
THE PILL-PUSHER *takes a gander at the thermometer.* "Holy jumping Hippocrates," he says. "You're dead. Mister, you're a zombie." "I got rum in me, if thass what you mean," Mac says. The medico, a captain, probes the McTurk chest. "I can hear his heart," he says. "It keeps going clickety-boom, clickety-boom." Mac groans, "It used to go pockety-pockety."

McTURK is bidden to bide his time for a moment, while the captain gets something or other. He bides it by looking over a few bottles. As he reads the labels his eyes bulge, and so does his stomach. "These labels is written in foreign dialect," he muses.



THE CAPTAIN RETURNS with The Hook. *Whoosh,* goes something by Mac's ear. "Testing, testing," the captain says. Then: "Stick out your arm, handsome." "How's about using a leg this time, cap'm?" Mac wants to know. "Me arms are all fulla holes." The captain proceeds to add another hole.

"AND NOW," the captain says, "I want you to meet a friend of mine, who's going to give you something good." The friend turns out to be a sergeant; the something good is castor oil. "Do I got to drink erl?" Mac whines. The sergeant smiles softly. "Open yer mush," he says. Mac opens. Exit the oil. "Better have this man put on as latrine orderly," the captain tells the sergeant. A smart man, that captain. A dope, that McTurk.



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SPORTS

Army Stars Kiss Gridiron Goodbye As Other Teams Start Season

BOSTON—The football season is just beginning for the schools, colleges and professional teams all over the country but it is already a thing of the past for Col. Robert Neyland, Major Wallace Wade and their great Army All-Star gridiron squad.

The hand-picked collection of G.I. pigskin celebrities concluded their short but exciting schedule here in Fenway Park Sept. 20 before a packed house of 38,000 spectators who saw Col. Neyland's Eastern team fight it out to the bitter end on a wet field before dropping a 14 to 7 decision to George Halas and his Chicago Bears.

Rain Slows Them Down

This game between the champion professional Bears and the Army's Eastern task force was probably the most evenly matched football struggle between expert teams that the U. S. will see this year. Only the rain kept it from being brilliant.

Both outfits battled scorelessly for the first half and then, in the opening minutes of the third quarter, Hugh Gallarneau, the Bears' 190-pound right halfback, intercepted a wobbly pass from Capt. John Pingel and ran 45 yards for a touchdown.

The Army roared back with nine running plays that gained 54 yards and Cpl. Norm Standlee of the Coast Artillery, a Bear last year, plunged over from the three-yard line. Pvt. Nick Basca of Villanova kicked the extra point to tie the score.

Rough And Tough Game

But the Bears took the following kick-off and marched down the field again with Gallarneau scoring a second touchdown on a fourth-down plunge. It was a rough, hard-hitting game all the way through, with open fistic warfare almost breaking out at the final whistle.

The game with the Bears concluded eight contests between the Army teams and professional clubs all over the country that brought a quarter of a million dollars to the Army Emergency Relief fund.

The previous day in Syracuse, Major Wade's Western eleven, finished a cross-country tour by losing to the New York Giants, 10 to 7. The Steve Owen pros, smarting under the 16-to-0 defeat they had taken from the Neyland Eastern team the week before, turned the trick by bottling up Lieut. John Kimbrough, the big gun in Wade's offense.

No More Games

Secretary of War Stimson definitely squelched all rumors of a game between the Eastern and Western teams by ordering all men on the squad back to their stations for duty after the conclusion of the regular professional schedule.

Wade's Westerners defeated the Chicago Cardinals and the Detroit Lions and lost to the Redskins, Packers and Giants on their tour. Neyland's more powerful Easterners defeated the Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers before they ran into the Bears.

Photo Gives Alsab Win Over Whirlaway

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—A dream match race between those two stretch-running demons of the turf—Whirlaway and Alsab—came off at Narragansett and after five anxious minutes while the photo was being developed, Alsab was declared the winner by a slim nose.

It was truly a race of champions, although the time was a second and two-fifths off Discovery's track record. Carroll Bierman on Alsab shot him out like a small brown streak. Nobody worried, for Georgie Woolf on Whirly figured to stay off the pace in the early stages.

Coming into the stretch Iceman Woolf put Whirly to a drive, and he inched up on the bargain basement colt. But there was no quit in Alsab.

As Whirlaway came abreast of him, he looked Mr. Long Tail right in the eye and kept digging. They hit the wire like a team, with a wild cheering mob deciding the race, according to the number on the ticket in their pocket.

The result was a disappointment in the grandstand. Whirly, who looked like a lead-pipe cinch at the weights and distance, had been backed down to 1-to-5, while Alsab went off at 6-to-5, paying $5.20.

MAJOR LEAGUE LEADERS

(As of Sept. 21)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Lombardi, Boston	102	295	29	97	.329
Reiser, Brooklyn	118	448	85	142	.317
Slaughter, St. Louis	147	570	97	180	.316
Musial, St. Louis	134	442	84	137	.310
Novikoff, Chicago	124	469	48	143	.305

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Williams, Boston	148	514	140	184	.358
Pesky, Boston	146	610	103	201	.330
Spence, Washington	147	621	94	203	.327
Gordon, New York	143	524	86	169	.323
Case, Washington	123	507	100	161	.318

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	35	Ott, Giants	28
Laabs, Browns	27	Mize, Giants	25
Keller, Yankees	26	Camilli, Dodgers	24

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	135	Mize, Giants	105
Keller, Yankees	109	Camilli, Dodgers	98
DiMaggio, Yanks	108	Slaughter, Cards	97

HE FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR—Al Solari, promising halfback at the University of California at Los Angeles—U.C.L.A. to you—takes off like a new model bomber during an opening practice session on the West Coast.

Training Camp Teams Beat Kansas, Florida as College Football Opens

ACE HITTER IN TEXAS LEAGUE

DALLAS — Dick Wakefield, Beaumont outfielder and one of the prize rookies of the Detroit Tigers farm system, is the outstanding 1942 hitter of the Texas League. Wakefield's final record included 100 runs scored, 192 safe hits, 90 runs batted in, and a final batting average of .345.

College football has swung its gates open wide to service teams. Four schools — Wisconsin, Texas, Kansas and Florida — scheduled Army or Navy elevens as openers, and the boys in khaki and blue got an even split.

In Madison, Wis., where the Badgers practise mayhem (during good seasons) on their Big Ten opponents, a contingent of soldiers from Camp Grant locked horns with the collegians. Wisconsin took the soldiers into camp to the tune of 7-0, but statistics of the game show that it was more of a one-sided game than the score indicated. Wisconsin got 11 first downs to 6 for the G.I. squad, and gained 201 yards rushing compared with 73 for Camp Grant.

There was a different story to tell at Lawrence, Kans., where the Iowa City Naval Cadets coached by Bernie Bierman of the Marines dive-bombed Kansas U. off the field. In the Cadet lineup was Forrest Evashevski, whose blocking for Michigan made a gridiron immortal out of Tommy Harmon. The final count was 61-0.

But the Texas Longhorns, appearing in mid-season form, walloped the Corpus Christi Naval Air Station eleven, 40-0. Coach Dana Bible, of Texas, had a chance to test out his three-deep squad, and he kept sending in replacements until the field looked like Main Street on Saturday night.

The fourth service team to go to the football wars was Jacksonville Naval Air Station. The aviators put on a third-quarter drive to score three touchdowns and beat Florida, 20-7.

TOMMY JOINS THE MARINES—Tommy Loughran, right, the old Philadelphia heavyweight fighter, trades in his boxing gloves for a Marine sun helmet. Col. W. Dulty Smith makes the change while Joe Smith, Tom's former manager, gives the swap an approving smile from the background.

Football Standings In National League

WESTERN DIVISION

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.	O.P.
Chicago Cards	2	0	0	20	0
Cleveland	1	1	0	24	21
Detroit	0	1	0	0	13
Chicago Bears	0	0	0	0	0
Green Bay	0	0	0	0	0

EASTERN DIVISION

Washington	1	0	0	28	14
Philadelphia	1	1	0	38	38
Pittsburgh	0	2	0	28	52
New York	0	0	0	0	0
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0

Sept. 21 Results

Washington, 28; Pittsburgh, 14.
Cleveland, 24; Philadelphia, 14.
Chicago Cards, 13; Detroit, 0.

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SPORTS: SGT. LOUIS AND PVT. CONN WILL GET SOME PAY FOR THEIR BOXING FATIGUE DETAIL, AFTER ALL

BY SGT. JOE MCCARTHY

Only last week, when this neat little official G.I. bible announced the approaching heavyweight title fight between Sgt. Joe Louis and Pvt. Billy Conn for the benefit of the Army Relief Fund, it printed the astonishing news that neither the champion nor the challenger would receive one single dime above their regular government salaries for participating in this pugilistic exhibition on Oct. 12 at Yankee Stadium.

That made nice reading, full of novel little phrases like "first heavyweight championship bout without pay" and "no dickering about percentages of the gate," because nothing of the kind had ever happened before in the history of sport.

Now it appears that all that brilliant writing was not quite as accurate as it was colorful. A few days ago, the committee of sports writers promoting the big fight changed the original plans and decided to give Sgt. Louis and Pvt. Conn a sizeable chunk of dough for services rendered.

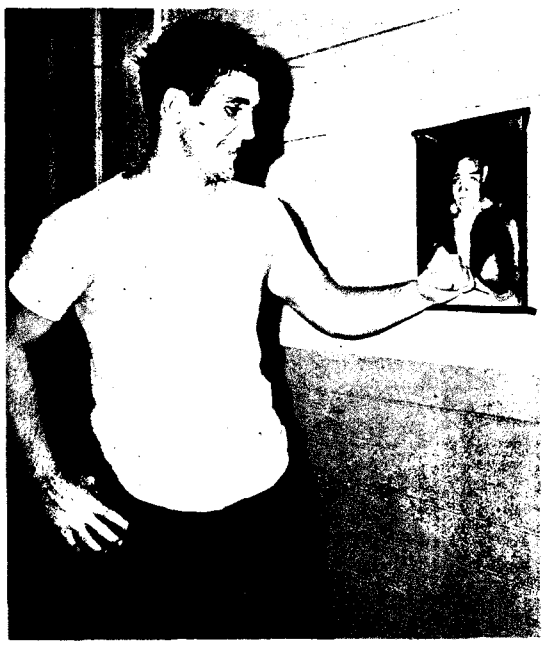
Plenty of Old Debts

It might be better to say that they decided to give some money to the creditors of Sgt. Louis and Pvt. Conn because the two G.I. boxers are not going to spend the hard earned coconuts of Oct. 12 playing the pin ball machines at the PX or shopping around the Army stores for some new silk plush Fort Riley or Fort Wadsworth souvenir pillow cases to send home to their wives.

They will receive the sum of $135,451.53 from the top of the gate receipts, with the

permission of the War Department, in order to clear up a few debts incurred before they joined the service. Sgt. Louis has that old income tax of 1941 hanging over his head and he also owes Mike Jacobs $59,805.50 and $41,146.03 to his manager, John Roxborough. Pvt. Conn is down on the books of Mike Jacobs' Twentieth Century Club for jawbone amounting to $34,500.

Those figures may seem astounding to anybody not acquainted with the financial routine of a big time fighter but that's the way Louis and Conn operate. They draw advances from Jacobs whenever they need money and it adds up. A lot of that debt was incurred by Sgt. Louis when he was training for the fights with Buddy Baer and Abe Simon which



Pvt. Conn takes a playful poke at Sgt. Louis' chin

swelled the Army and Navy Relief funds and gave him nothing in return.

But even though it is a generous gesture to let the two boys pay their old bills, the Louis-Conn fight is now open to criticism because the original plan of giving every last nickel of the proceeds to the relief fund has been slightly changed.

A Promise to Be Kept

The whole situation is due to a misunderstanding. It seems that Louis was promised by somebody in the beginning that he would be given enough cash to pay his income taxes and debts. The War Department was plenty burned up when it heard that such a promise had been made but, under the circumstances, it couldn't do much but change the set-up and play fair with Louis by living up to that promise. And then, naturally, it had to do the same for Conn and let him get enough for his debts, too.

The big mistake was letting out the original announcement that no private individual would receive any money from the affair. When the public digested that unusual news and then learned that the two enlisted men were collecting, after all, there was a natural tendency to grasp one's nose between one's fingers and cry, "Foul!"

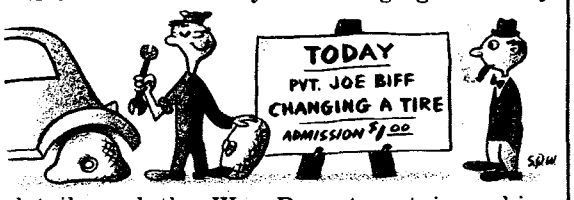
If it had been carefully explained in the beginning that Sgt. Louis and Pvt. Conn were going to be allowed to draw less than $150,000 for fighting a championship bout that would bring more than $500,000 to the dependents of their fellow soldiers, nobody would have minded in the least. They would have figured that anybody who could bring that much to the relief fund deserved a little something to pay his personal bills, as is truly the case.

B. O. Power the Answer

Of course, there will be some soldiers in the house who will immediately write letters through channels, asking why, if Sgt. Louis and Pvt. Conn are allowed furloughs to return to their civilian jobs and pay off old debts, the War Department cannot let them return, too, to their former positions in the filling stations or box factories in order to pay the last installment on that coupe they purchased in 1940.

The answer is simple. If 75,000 people would pay more than half a million dollars to the Army Relief Fund for the privilege of watching them work off their long-standing bills, the War Department would undoubtedly be only too glad to arrange it.

If the public turns prejudiced on this great fight attraction because of a misunderstanding about finances, it will be a shame. The misunderstanding was caused by a mistake in the hustle and hurry of arranging the early



details and the War Department is making an honest attempt to right that mistake.

The whole business may be confusing but it isn't phoney. The public is being told what goes on and nobody is getting paid off in the dark.

And, incidentally, the creditors of Sgt. Louis and Pvt. Conn won't be exactly rolling in dough when the government deducts the taxes from their cut.

THOSE FLYING CARDS— Harry Walker, St. Louis outfielder, leaps right over Len Merullo of the Cubs to reach second base safely, while Bill Sturgeon backs up the play and Umpire Lee Balafant calls it.

St. Louis Fans Give Triumphant Cards Cold Reception

ST. LOUIS—This town can take their baseball champions or leave them alone. And when the Cardinals returned from their last Eastern swing with the National League pennant practically sewed up, the town was strictly in a "leaving alone" mood. Only 15 fans showed up at Union Station to greet the conquering heroes.

Even the station announcer couldn't work up a crowd around the gate. Not that he didn't try. Four times before the train pulled in, he called out:

"The Wabash train with the St. Louis Cardinal ball players is arriving on track 12."

But it was all in vain. When the players came through the gate, they outnumbered the fans.

SACRAMENTO COAST TITLE WINNER

SACRAMENTO, Cal. — Sacramento won the Coast League pennant by a one-game margin by trimming the Los Angeles "Angels" in a double header, 7-5 and 5-1.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF SEPT. 21)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U. S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sports news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	St. Louis	Brooklyn	New York	Cincinnati	Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
St. L.	—	13	15	13	14	12	16	17	100	48	.676	—
B'klyn.	9	—	13	15	16	16	14	14	97	50	.660	2½
N. York	7	8	—	13	13	15	11	15	82	63	.566	16½
Cincin..	7	7	9	—	7	12	16	16	74	72	.507	25
Chicago	6	6	9	13	—	11	9	14	68	82	.453	33
Pittsb'h	8	6	7	7	11	—	12	13	64	79	.448	33½
Boston.	6	6	7	5	13	7	—	14	58	86	.403	40
Phila...	5	4	3	6	8	6	8	—	40	103	.280	57½
G's lost	48	50	63	72	82	79	86	103	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
N. York	—	10	15	15	15	15	15	16	101	49	.673	—
Boston..	10	—	11	14	15	13	14	14	91	59	.607	10
St. L.....	7	11	—	13	11	13	11	16	82	69	.543	15½
Cleveland	7	8	9	—	7	11	15	16	73	76	.490	27½
Detroit ..	7	7	11	13	—	11	9	13	71	79	.473	30
Chicago .	7	8	6	8	9	—	13	12	63	80	.441	34½
Wash'ton	5	7	11	7	13	7	—	12	62	87	.416	38½
Phila.....	6	8	6	6	9	10	10	—	55	99	.357	48
G's lost..	49	59	69	76	79	80	87	99	—	—		

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Dodger Rooters Concede Pennant And Cards Sell Series Tickets

NEW YORK—Brooklyn Dodger rooters in Australia, England, Ireland, Egypt and Iceland might as well prepare themselves for some bad news. By the time they read this the St. Louis Cardinals will be playing the Yankees in the World Series.

The National League pennant race isn't quite finished as this edition goes to press but the Dodgers are. Leo Durocher and his Bums lost a golden opportunity when they kicked away half of a doubleheader to the lowly Phillies on Sunday, Sept. 20, while the Cardinals were splitting with the Cubs.

Better Than 1914 Braves

Now, as we write these sad lines, the Cards are back in the home grounds at Sportsman Park, where applications for World Series tickets are pouring in and they are two and a half games ahead of Brooklyn with only six games left to play.

If the Dodgers win all of their remaining seven games and the Cards get beaten once, St. Louis will still win the pennant. It doesn't seem as though Billy Southworth's boys can miss.

Cardinal Manager Billy Southworth and his son, Bill, Jr., an Air Force captain.

And so ends a Cardinal pennant drive that was even more amazing than the rush of the 1914 Braves from the cellar to the championship. When the Braves were in last place on July 18, 28 years ago, they were only 11½ games away from the lead and they made their climb by winning 35 out of 45 games between July 18 and Sept. 8.

Phils Beat Wyatt

But these Cardinals of 1942 were 10 games behind as late as Aug. 5. Between that date and Sept. 13, when they took exclusive possession of first place, they won 33 games and lost only eight, which is really something. Even the peerless Dodgers could hardly be blamed for folding under pressure like that.

But nobody expected them to fold to such an extent that Whit Wyatt would be beaten by the Phils, as he was in the crucial doubleheader of Sept. 20. Bo-Bo Newsom salvaged the second game but the damage was already done, as far as the league standings were concerned.

If the Cards should happen to collapse in the last few days, and the race ends in a tie, there will be a three-game play-off between the two teams, starting Sept. 28.

Navy Bound, Williams Tops American League Batters

BOSTON—Ted Williams, the Red Sox slugger, is winding up his last baseball season for the duration by winning three American League batting crowns. This is the first time such a thing has happened since Lou Gehrig did it in 1934.

Williams, who is on his way into the Navy, tops the batting averages with .357 at this writing and also tops the league in homers and runs batted in. Johnny Pesky, the Red Sox rookie, who is right behind him in batting, is also going into the service after the season ends.

SPORT SHORTS

The Army Emergency Relief Fund will get $71,200 for radio rights to the **Louis-Conn** fight Oct. 12. That's a new high in fight broadcast prices. . . . **Jack Boner,** 20-year-old bat boy of the Dodgers, has enlisted in the Navy. . . . **Dixie Walker** and **Mickey Owen** of the Brooklyns were charged with assault and battery by four fans who took the worst of a grandstand brawl. They wouldn't get out of a box for which they hadn't paid and the two players went to the aid of an usher who was being lacerated by the squatters. . . .

The **Southeastern Conference** passed a resolution permitting freshmen athletes to play on varsity teams "for the duration." . . . **Maureen Orcutt** won the New Jersey Women's match-play golf championship again. Must be getting monotonous for Maureen. . . . **Willard Marshall,** Giants' outfielder, joins the Marines the end of this month.

The Phils have called **Bill Burich** from Williamsport of the Eastern League and **Andred Lapihauska, Edward Murphy** and **Harry Marnie** from Trenton of the Interstate League. Wonder if they notice any change? . . . The Red Sox executed 139 double plays by Sept. 2, as many twin killings as they made all last season. . . . **Wally Johnson,** a member of the wrestling team, will coach embryo grapplers at Minnesota. **Dave Bartelma,** former Gopher coach, has picked up his Army commission.

Erv Dusek, Cardinal farmhand recalled from Rochester, won a $50 war bond for hitting the longest drive against a pitching machine. The ball sailed over the left field wall 380 feet away. . . . Fordham is without a regular football captain this year, now that **Jim Lansing** is a naval aviation cadet.

THE COOPER FAMILY — Walker Cooper, left, Cards' catcher, and Jim Cooper of the Navy, right, point to the number on Brother Mort's shirt that gave him his 20th pitching victory. Since then, he's won a 21st game.

SEND THIS HOME TO YOUR FOLKS RIGHT AWAY

REMEMBER, IT TAKES TIME FOR MAIL TO GO PLACES THESE DAYS, AND CHRISTMAS ISN'T FAR OFF. SO HOP TO IT, FELLA. DO IT NOW!

SAY FOLKS, I been thinkin'...

If you really mean that about sending me something for Christmas, here's one thing to be sure and include — A SUBSCRIPTION TO YANK, The Army Newspaper!

It's a swell paper written and published entirely by soldiers in the U.S. Army, so I sure would like to get it every week.

Just send this coupon and the money to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City. It only costs 75 cents for 6 months (26 issues) or $1.50 for one year (52 issues). Thanks a lot! You know what a soldier really wants.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

ARMY ADDRESS _____

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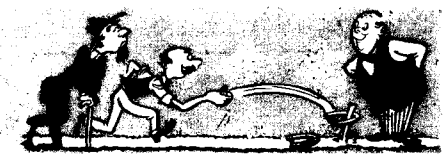
ONLY MEN IN UNIFORM CAN RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO YANK

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



KANSAS CITY, MO. — Bing Crosby played a benefit golf match here with receipts going to the Kansas City Canteen for service men. Lawson Little and Ed Dudley were his opponents. The "Groaner" didn't turn in the best card, but guess who the crowd was following?

SAN FRANCISCO.—Henry Armstrong, hitting the comeback trail here, defeated Leo Rodak. Scheduled to go ten rounds, the bout was stopped in the eighth.

PITTSBURGH. — University of Pittsburgh will not sell student tickets to out-of-town football games. They are conserving transportation for war use.

JERSEY CITY. — The Little Giants defeated Newark in the first round of the International League play-offs. Newark won the season pennant by 11 games.

NEWPORT, KY.—Arner Lindquist, a 46-year-old engraver from Morgantown, W. Va., won the national A.A.U. horseshoe pitching championship here.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—*Anyone who likes college football and lives in Arkansas will watch games at the University of Arkansas — or else. Every other school in the state has dropped football for the duration.*

PHILADELPHIA.—Pete Tyrrell, manager of the Arena, says there are not enough hockey players available to form a winning combination, so there won't be any minor league team here this winter.

MILWAUKEE. — Kasimir Kulbacki, an overgrown tackle on the champion Milwaukee South Division High School team, is an honest man at last. Scales in the dressing room wouldn't register anything over 250 pounds, and Coach Art Krueger looked at him balefully everytime the needle stopped at that point. Now Kulbacki is down to 249, and the coach believes he's abiding by training rules.

NORFOLK, Va.—The Norfolk Naval Training Station baseball team put its uniforms in mothballs the other day with a record of 92 wins and 8 defeats. Bobby Feller, on duty there, didn't pitch those eight games.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Milt Piepul, former fullback and captain of Notre Dame, is coaching Cathedral High here this season.

LAKEVIEW, ORE. — *Before every practice of the Lakeview High School football squad, an auto wrecker must come on the field to remove Sadie, a circus elephant. She was injured when a truck in which she was riding ran off the road and she's recuperating on the gridiron. They say Sadie may become the school's mascot when her fractured shoulder heals.*

FT. SHERIDAN, ILL.—One of the new recruits here is Milt Padway, greatest pole vaulter in Western Conference track and field history.

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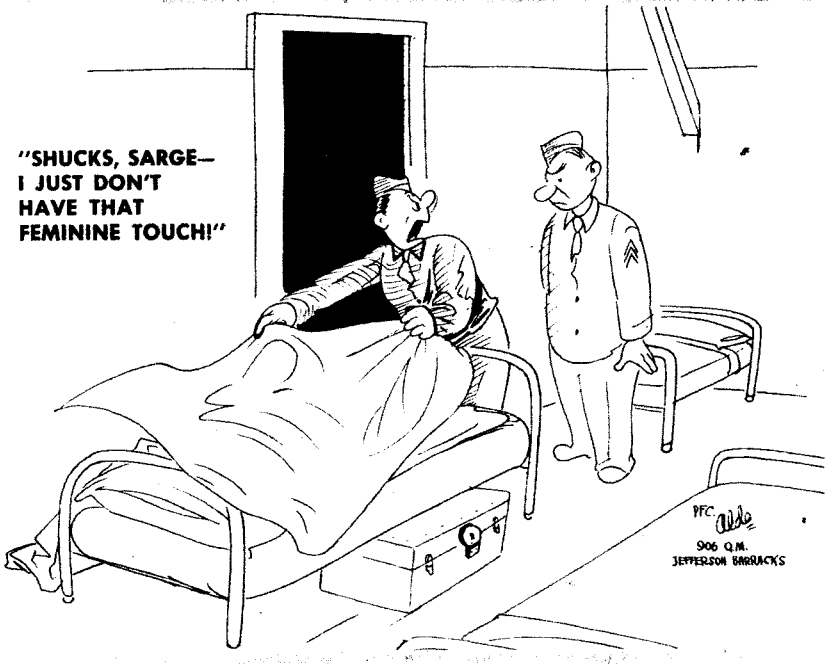
"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN CIVIES?"

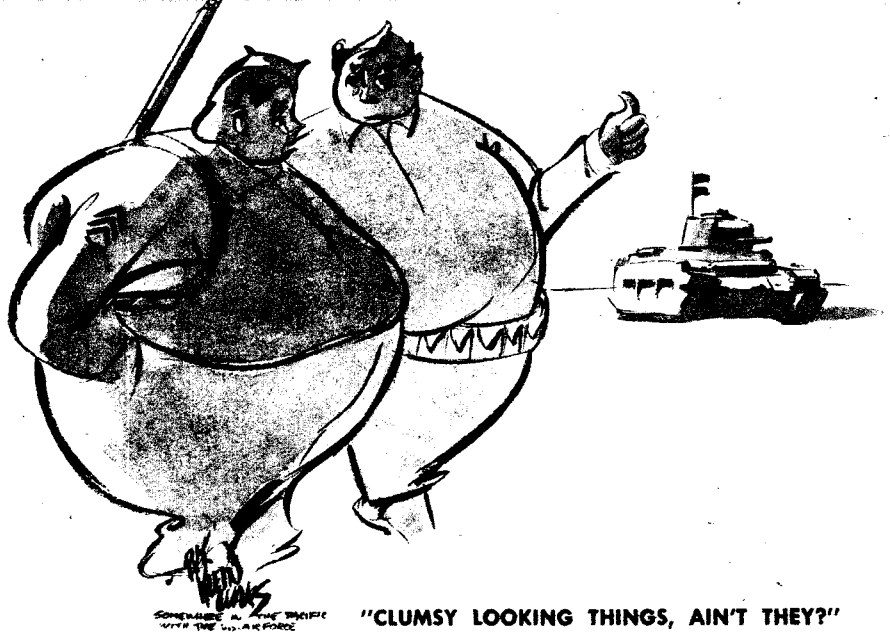
(REPRODUCED FROM ORIGINAL V-MAIL)

"REMEMBER, SIR—OFFICER DATES OFFICER!"

"TEN-SHUN!"



"SHUCKS, SARGE—
I JUST DON'T
HAVE THAT
FEMININE TOUCH!"



"CLUMSY LOOKING THINGS, AIN'T THEY?"

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